

THE

LIGUORIAN

A MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS OF GOOD READING



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Amongst Ourselves

From the mail bag: A correspondent in Chicago wishes to know why The Liguorian seems to be against capitalists in general, and what a capitalist is; why it never publishes anything about the Catholic Trade Unionist movement, why it never speaks of the obligations of labor, instead of concentrating only on the rights of labor. This correspondent cannot have been with us very long, or else his reading of The Liguorian has been spotty, because we can provide a whole file of references to articles in this magazine that treat of the questions raised. The Liguorian has taken its stand in defense of the capitalistic system time and again; it has criticized those who misuse the system only in order to save and defend it. A capitalist is not, to the editors of The Liguorian, a hateful thing; he is an essential part of the economic system of private enterprise; he is a man who invests money in, manages or owns a business concern which employs other men for wages or salaries. The Liguorian has not published as much as it would like about the Catholic Trade Unionist movement; however, there have been frequent laudatory references to it, and at least one full length study of the movement has been used. As to the obligations of labor, our correspondent has missed many a forthright exposé on this subject. Less than a year ago, a full length article entitled "Mistakes of Labor" was published, listing nine evils on the part of

labor in its attitude toward employers and the public. We have begged and implored labor to free itself from Communists, racketeers, idlers and power-seekers. If at times we seem to concentrate a little more on the mistakes of capital than on the mistakes of labor (though we never forget or minimize the latter), it is because the economic doctrine of laissez-faire dies hard, and because the social encyclicals of Popes Leo XIII and Pius XI, while they did not gloss over nor minimize the obligations of labor, nevertheless did direct the greater part of their instructions to those who hold economic power and can do something to reconstruct the social order.

A correspondent in New York takes exception to last month's strictures against "love at first sight," but only to say that The Liguorian itself disproved them because she fell in love with it on reading the current issue, which was the first one she ever saw. Backed it up too by sending in a few gift subscriptions for others who, she suspected, would also fall in love with it at first sight. We are not saddened by criticisms of this kind.

Attention is called to the excerpts from Franco's speech to the Spanish people quoted by the bystander in this issue. They should form part of every reader's education on the much mooted Spanish question.

The Liguorian

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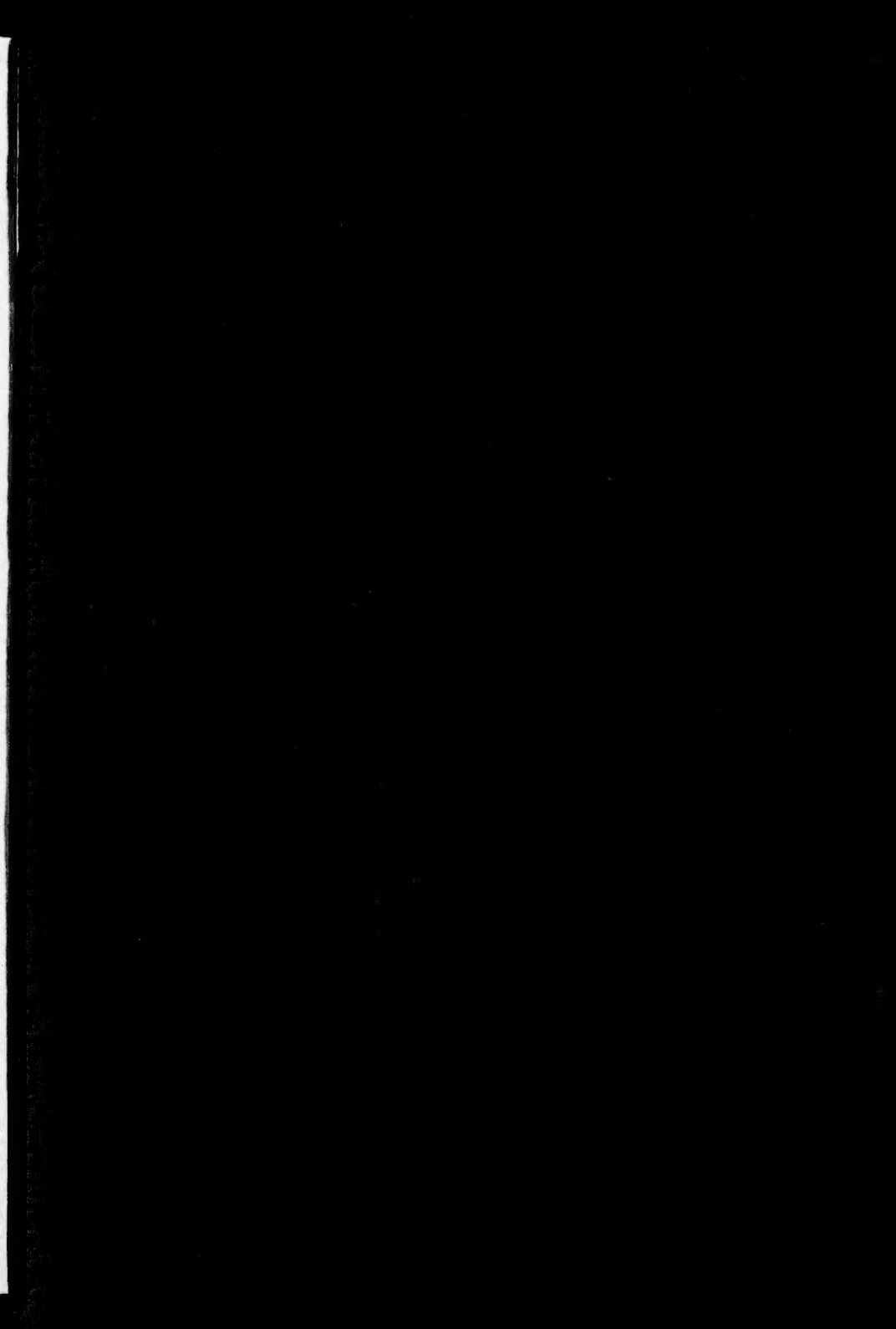
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a magazine for the lovers of good reading



*Devoted to the Unchangeable Principles of Truth, Justice, Democracy and Religion,
and to All That Brings Happiness to Human Beings*

Religion by Mail

There are thousands upon thousands of good, sincere non-Catholics who are on the search for the true faith. The problem is how to contact them. Father L. J. Fallon, C.M., of St. Louis, Mo., has found a way.

D. J. Corrigan

IN EARLY March, 1945, the U.S.S. Lenawee, A.P.A. 195, was cutting its quiet way through the waters of the South Pacific on its way to Okinawa. Some days before, she had left the New Hebrides, bearing as cargo the 165th Regiment, 27th Division Infantry. Up on deck at the rail two men were talking: one was Lt. (jg) Breareton of the ship, while the other was the regimental chaplain, Father Clement Wartman, C.Ss.R. Said Lt. Breareton:

"I'm not a Catholic, Father, but I've been taking a course of religion by mail. I wonder if you would help me with it?"

"What course have you been taking?"

"Why, it's a course that Father Fallon of St. Louis has been sending me: 'Father Smith Instructs Jackson.' I'm half way through the tests."

Through the succeeding anxious though monotonous days Father Wartman completed the boy's instructions. Then with Okinawa almost in sight he took the lad down into his crowded quarters and baptized him. The next day Lt. Breare-

ton received his First Holy Communion. Not long after, the invasion of Okinawa separated them and Father Wartman has heard nothing of the boy since.

Father Wartman's story is one that has been told again and again by returning chaplains—with variations, of course,—and the conversion of many a soldier and sailor owed its inception to a chance contact with Father Fallon's booklet and tests. In fact, so often had I heard of the good work of this genial priest of the Vincentian Order that I determined to visit him. I found him behind his desk with his sleeves rolled up, going through a pile of mail. But he had plenty of time to tell about his project and his enthusiasm was very contagious. I came away with a lot of facts and figures, and one big general impression: All priests know that there are thousands upon thousands of sincere non-Catholics who are waiting for a knowledge of the true faith. The problem is how to reach them. Father Fallon has found a pretty effective way.

His workshop at present is a rather

spacious old residence, directly across from the new cathedral in St. Louis. Its placard now bears the title: *Confraternity Home Study Service*, although formerly it was known as the *Kenrick Correspondence Course*. With the passage of time he has eliminated the word *Correspondence*, largely because he found that it abashed some timid non-Catholic souls. He has a staff of eleven girls, but throughout the country students of 25 seminaries are working with him — all being centers to which applications for instruction are relayed.

During the war just past, the central office on Lindell Boulevard was receiving an average of 1000 applications a month from boys in service. Most of these were from non-Catholics. When I asked Father Fallon how many converts resulted from the instructions, he replied that he had no way of knowing. But from reports that filter in we can judge that the number must be rather high. At present his staff is handling about 900 applications a month, mostly from civilians. A single advertisement recently placed in the national edition of the *Register* brought between 1500 and 1700 requests for instruction.

It was back in 1935 that Father Fallon, then professor of dogmatic theology in Kenrick Seminary, St. Louis, decided to spend his summer in the work of street preaching in the Ozarks. Many of the villages in that area, with no Catholic church, had been nurtured on little else than the horror stories of a bigoted past. After having an old truck wired for sound, he set out with a few seminarians for missions in several towns. Among the fairly good crowds that attended the sermons, there were many who came

out of curiosity, but always a few with a sincere purpose of learning the truth. This posed a problem for the Ozark street preacher, as he could not remain in a locality beyond the scheduled time. Out of this difficulty his correspondence course in religious instruction was born.

Back in the seminary, he once again enlisted the aid of his seminarians, who began to pound out instructions on their typewriters. Soon, as a result, converts entered the Church. These told their relatives in other states about the course, and applications began to come from all over the country. Other seminaries gradually became interested in the work and established mail order instruction centers. In this way the work spread until 25 seminaries in all parts of the country were participating in the apostolate.

By this time Father Fallon had developed a system. He took Bishop Noll's excellent conversational booklet: "Father Smith Instructs Jackson," and made up objective tests to cover the fundamentals of the course. There are six of these little examinations to be taken periodically by the applicant, but he may use the textbook in checking off the answers — there being little or no writing to do. Each test consists of 100 questions, divided among the three most common forms of objective examining.

Thus the *True or False*:

- T F The Lord's Prayer is a summary of the chief truths taught by our Lord through His Church.

Or the *Multiple Choice*:

- () God cannot be seen or touched because He is (1) our heavenly Father; (2) a spirit; (3) immortal; (4) almighty.

Or by supplying *missing words or phrases*:

The Apostles' Creed is the oldest written profession of

The tests, which are printed in attractive folders, are carefully corrected, graded, mistakes are given further explanation, and then if the applicant is successful, he is awarded his diploma.

Soon the task of instruction by mail grew to such proportions that Father Fallon had to relinquish his street preaching to confreres and other zealous priests, who have carried it through the southwest. He still conducts classes in Kenrick Seminary, but devotes just about all the remainder of his time to his office in town. It has been some time now that the Home Study Course has been housed at 4422 Lindell Boulevard in St. Louis. At present his instruction by mail reaches every large country in the world with the exception of Spain and Russia.

"It's been quite interesting," stated the priest, as he tried to keep his pipe lit, "even though it has been a bit hectic. The first convert we had in in St. Louis was a cab driver. His hours were so irregular that he couldn't go to a priest; so he studied his book and tests in between trips.

"It is surprising to learn the number of people there are who find it impossible to get to a priest for instruction. There are country places or towns where there are no churches. There are many people whose business demands travel and doesn't permit them to take a regular course of instructions; and some there are who are afraid to approach a priest.

"Like the Lutheran girl who wrote to us. She said that she had been wanting to learn something of the

Catholic religion, but preferred not to go to a priest, because she wanted to find out the Church's teachings first. Then if convinced, she would go to her minister and talk it over with him. She became a Catholic later."

"Just what contact do you have with the pastors of all these people who apply for instruction?" I asked.

"Well, when an applicant writes in, we send him 'Father Smith Instructs Jackson,' along with the tests, a pamphlet, and a dope sheet. Here is one of the dope sheets." We glanced at it and saw the following headings:

1. Full Name:
2. Address:
3. Age:
4. Education:
5. Occupation:
6. Status:
 ☐ Single
 ☐ Married ☐ Number of children
 ☐ Divorced
7. Religion:
8. The name and address of my nearest Catholic Church is:
9. If you are not a Catholic, have you ever taken instructions or read anything about the Catholic religion?

"Then," continued Father Fallon, "if the applicant begins to take the tests, we notify the pastor. Sometimes he or the chaplain takes over the entire course from that point on. Otherwise, when the candidate has finished his course and received a diploma, we recommend that if he is further interested, he should approach the local pastor. At the same time we notify the pastor of the applicant's success."

"Do pastors notify you when these people enter the Church?"

"Sometimes they do, but more often not. Often we find out about it months later when converts have their relatives or friends enroll in the course.

"We have instructed all kinds of people," he continued, "from a Negro chambermaid in a Chicago hotel to a professor in Princeton University. I recall a girl who was a member of Karston's Follies, part of a traveling carnival. She started her instructions in Cairo, Ill.; continued them all through the south; was finally baptized in Ohio.

"Then there have been teachers in public schools in small towns who would have lost their jobs if it had been known that they were going to a priest for instruction. There was the man in Maine whose family opposed his entry into the Church and whose wife accused him of going out with other women when he started taking his instruction at night from a priest."

"How do they come into contact with your application booklet?"

"In all kinds of ways. Soldiers found it in barracks and sailors sometimes picked it up from the floor of a ship. Negroes in Nigeria found a copy in the street and a group of natives from South Africa came across a booklet that the GI's left. Most, however, learn about it from relatives or friends who have taken the course. Our big problem now is publicizing this means of investigating the teachings of our faith."

"Do many of them start and then drop the course?" I asked.

"Yes, some. If we don't hear from them, we send a reminder card after a month. Then if they are still silent after another month, we send them one more reminder. But you never can tell. I remember the Jewish girl who was interested in a Catholic marine. He had been badly wounded in the South Pacific. The girl wrote in asking for some Catholic prayers,

inquiring whether it would be all right for her to say them. She took the instructions, but her tests stopped coming after the fourth. That's the one on Confession and they usually back out there, if they are going to do so. No answer came from this girl to our reminder cards, but later she wrote that she had gone to a priest and had become a Catholic."

Surely one reason for the success of the Home Instruction is due to the fact that Father Fallon pays great attention to the personal side of his applicant. He scrutinizes each letter and the special remarks or questions about the tests, which usually he finds present. If necessary, he dictates a special answer. But in the majority of cases there is no need of this, as he has prepared answers for most difficulties and had them imprinted on the rolls of the automatic typewriters, which the girls operate by merely pressing the proper buttons. Not only are the tests marked right or wrong, but a concise answer and explained correction is sent back to the student. Often, too, a pamphlet is sent along that treats of a special doubt or difficulty that the applicant may have.

For example, in the fourth test a student made a mistake:

5. (T) F Every thief is bound to go to the owner of what he has stolen and acknowledge his theft.

When the test was returned, the following explanation accompanied it:

In your answer to number 5 you are a little too strict. The thief has no right to what he has stolen, so he has an obligation of returning it to its rightful owner. He does, however, have a right to his own reputation, so there is no reason why he should be forced to go to the person and acknowledge his sin.

Such thorough instruction would

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be impossible in large volumes, were it not for machines which automatically operate typewriters and which work on the same principle as the old player pianos with their rolls.

Father Fallon much prefers that non-Catholics make their own applications for instruction. It then gives him a chance to judge the personal difficulties of the inquirer. Besides, too often when Catholics write in suggesting the names of their non-Catholic neighbors, no response is forthcoming.

There was one more question that I put to Father Fallon: "How do you finance this whole project?"

He smiled and said: "Well, so far I've managed to get by. The Military Ordinariate was very generous during the war. Private organizations, though, have borne most of the burden, especially the Daughters of Isabella. Catholic schools have helped with their service flags, as have

private donations. Right now I'm running a raffle. Do you want to buy a book?"

Something on a nationwide scale ought to be done to help this priest, as his expenses are now running over \$2,400 a month. His organization, which has grown from humble beginnings into a mighty force for the instruction of non-Catholic America, is today a National Inquiry Center for the Church in the U.S.A. Father Fallon would also tell you that he needs prayer more than anything, for the faith that he would bestow is a gift—but a gift that comes through natural channels.

Note to a non-Catholic reader: Should you wish to take a course in the Catholic religion in the privacy of your own home, write to the Home Study Service, 4422 Lindell Blvd., St. Louis (8), Mo. There is no cost for this instruction.

High Degree

In his *Autobiography* Al Smith tells the story that on one occasion during the New York State legislative session of 1911 he and three other assemblymen were standing in their places debating a point of law. Suddenly Assemblyman Wende rose from his place and interrupted the discussion.

"Mr. Speaker," he said, "I have just heard that Cornell won the boat race."

"It doesn't mean anything to me," said Assemblyman Merritt, one of the four who had been debating. "I'm a Yale man." And he sat down.

"Nor to me," said Assemblyman Hammond. "I'm a Harvard man."

"Nor to me," said Assemblyman Phillips. "I'm a U. of M. man."

At this point Mr. Smith was the only one still standing.

"Mr. Speaker," he said, "it doesn't mean anything to me either. I'm a F.F.M. man."

"What does that mean, Al?" shouted one of the others.

"Fulton Fish Market. Now let's proceed with the debate."

Prodigy

Dr. Mario Pei, a professor of languages at Columbia University, speaks or writes in 20 contemporary languages, can identify 250 by sight, and is familiar with more than 50 dead languages, which is more than any other contemporary. One of the world's three oldest languages, Chinese, with more than 3000 characters, he believes is destined to become one of the world's most important. Dr. Pei, who is in his forties, is a Catholic, was born in Rome, baptized in St. Peter's, and educated in New York's Catholic schools. — *Catholic Mirror*.



Three Minute Instruction

Degrees of Detraction

Detraction has been called the big sin of little people. Not having enough intelligence or ambition to do very much themselves, they are preoccupied with the faults and sins of others. There are four degrees of detraction, all of which should be avoided by the person who wants to preserve fraternal charity undefiled.

1. The lowest degree of detraction, from the point of view of malice, is that in which a person takes delight in constantly talking about the small faults and failings of others that are already more or less well known to his hearers. This is not a mortal sin against charity, both because the faults are small and because they are already somewhat known. But it is a venial sin because constant gossip even about an absent person's known faults continually lessens the esteem of others for that person.

2. The second degree of detraction is that in which a person talks a great deal about the grave faults of another which are or could easily be known by those who hear about them. If somebody's sin is already public, his good name is lost, even though a particular individual has not heard the news. Nevertheless the person who frequently brings the matter up, and tries to keep people thinking about it, and thereby promotes contempt of the sinner, is guilty of a venial sin against charity.

3. The third degree of detraction is that in which one makes known the really secret venial sins of another. This is always a venial sin, because it directly harms the good name of the individual spoken about, and it may be a mortal sin if the one spoken about holds a high position in the exercise of which he will be seriously handicapped by the spread of knowledge of his faults and venial sins.

4. The fourth degree of detraction is that in which one makes known the secret serious sins of an absent person. This is always a mortal sin, because every human being has a right to his good name even though he has been guilty of sin; and the one who makes his sins known without a serious valid reason for so doing is demolishing his good name.

The popularity of the sin of gossip and detraction should not deceive anyone into thinking that it is less malicious than it really is. Charity demands that we pray for the sinner, not that we make it easier for him to fall into sin again by fomenting dislike and hatred of him in others by talking about his sins.

Uncle Ed's Attic

You are a peculiar person if this reminiscent story does not bring you a chuckle or a smile.

L. G. Miller

IN SOME households it is the custom to throw discarded articles away, sell them to the ragman, or contribute them to rummage sales. In other households the natural and permanent repository for such articles is the attic, with the result that in the course of twenty years or so this department of the house becomes so choked and clogged with broken furniture, huge old pictures, and the assorted relics of childhood that there is danger of the attic floor collapsing under the weight. Most families belong in the latter category, and among them was certainly that of my Aunt Mame and Uncle Ed.

My Aunt Mame and Uncle Ed were comfortable people, singularly well suited to each other and practicing in their home an easy kind of hospitality which made it a delight for us both during and after childhood to visit them. Aunt Mame was a pleasantly plump and domestic person whose pies and cookies were celebrated in the neighborhood, and Uncle Ed was a big, slow-speaking man whom I remember best sitting in his easy chair with pipe and newspaper, calmly reading while six or more small children, myself among them, whooped around the house, occasionally becoming entangled with his long legs as our games led us in and out of the sitting room. There was, in fact, only one occasion to my knowledge when he became ruffled, and that was when Aunt Mame's electrician was hit on the head by the billiard balls.

The attic of Uncle Ed's house was indeed a wonderful and in some respects awesome place, and was a regular port-of-call for the neighborhood children on rainy days. In it could be found various articles of worn-out and out-of-fashion furniture, including two or three wicker chairs with the seats broken through. There were old photographs with massive gold frames—pictures of family personages long since deceased, the ladies covered from chin to toe with frilly and flowing dresses, and the men mustached and looking very uncomfortable in their high collars, but gazing straight at the observer with set jaws and an air of stiff truculence which made it seem that at any moment they would roar out testily at the impudence of their descendants. We used to look with pity at the children in the family groups of these pictures, standing stiffly at attention and flanked on each side by an implacable parent.

There were other pictures, too, pictures which had hung in the parlor in honored positions for years before base subservience to modern fashion brought about their removal. The artistic worth and symbolism of many of these pictures were lost upon us; but they were mostly rather melancholy in their general cast and appearance, as for instance one I remember in an elaborate scrolled frame in which three people sat quietly in a small boat on a lagoon looking over the water with an air of ineffable sadness. We were never able

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to determine whether the picture was meant to portray some particular tragic incident involving the principals or was simply a commentary on the general futility of human things, but it affected us powerfully and acted as a kind of damper on the lightheartedness of our play. There were also dozens upon dozens of small, unframed photographs in Uncle Ed's attic, tacked to the walls and pasted to the rafters and tumbling out of an old broken bookstand, and these served to lift our spirits, since they displayed our ancestors in a more relaxed mood, at home and abroad. Many of these snapshots had been taken at picnics, and we were able to follow the full range of fashion in bathing suits, the men in what struck us as hideous striped jerseys and trunks which reached to the knees, and the women so swathed in clothes that one wondered how they could keep afloat. We had not as yet learned that when a woman wears a bathing suit it is not necessarily in order to go swimming.

There were, of course, religious pictures among the rest, large and rather depressing prints of the Sacred Heart and the Blessed Virgin and one in particular that I remember of God Himself, holding the world in one hand and a scepter in the other and with such a piercing look of reproof on His features that I could never look at it without beginning to feel terrified. Other prints portrayed various obscure saints holding the instruments of martyrdom in their hands or heaped up at their feet; chains, scourges, racks, and swords were in evidence on all sides, and generally the saint was pictured with eyes turned up and the corners of the mouth turned down so that we in-

evitably formed the conclusion that saintliness and melancholy were indissolubly united, and when in our occasional fervent moments we resolved to become saints, we thought it almost more important to eschew smiles than our small sins.

In Uncle Ed's attic there could be found half a dozen trunks and valises of various sizes and in all states of repair. There was one ancient model with a rounded top, massive brass hinges and lined on the inside with a highly decorative paper. It reminded us of the pictures of pirate chests in our storybooks. There was no pirate's treasure in the trunk, but there were a thousand interesting things, and we never tired investigating them. There were two or three of Aunt Mame's old hats with faded but elegant plumes, a well-worn pair of button shoes, some discarded Christmas tree decorations, and for a while there was an interesting packet of letters tied with a blue ribbon. On investigation, we found them to be the letters written by Uncle Ed to Aunt Mame during their courtship, and their contents absorbed our interest so completely that Aunt Mame, house cleaning on the floor below, became alarmed at not hearing the usual scuffling overhead and came up to investigate. When she saw what we were doing, the good lady gave a little shriek, snatched the letters from our hands, and disappeared downstairs without a word. We never saw those letters again, so Aunt Mame must have burned them. But we saw enough of their contents to make it clear that Uncle Ed had romantic fires within him hitherto unsuspected, which made us look upon him with new respect and admiration.

In these trunks could be found also

dozens of games and parts of games which had once belonged to the three children of Uncle Ed and Aunt Mame—one of them now a priest and the others married and settled down with their own families. There were mutilated checker boards and incomplete decks of cards and mixed in with all the rest hundreds of letters and postcards and even an occasional ancient telegram. Aunt Mame kept all her correspondence through the years, and though she was always threatening to throw it out, she could never quite bring herself to do so. One of the trunks contained nothing but old schoolbooks and exercise tablets used by Uncle Bob (the priest) and Aunt Bertha and Aunt Mary. We noticed with a slightly guilty feeling of pleasure that Uncle Bob had just as many caricatures of teacher in the front of his books as anyone else.

Piled around and among these other articles in the attic were stacks of old magazines and we found a never failing source of delight in looking at the fashion pictures of a former day—the ladies in outdoor wear bundled up as if for a trip to the north pole with large muffs held in front of them like shields, and the men with bowler hats and trousers encasing their legs like the skins of sausages. In the old *Illustrated Weekly*, of which magazine, there was, it seemed, almost a complete file, we gazed with fascination at Jack Dempsey and Tommy Gibbons squared off against each other in the prize ring, and felt ourselves almost part of the crowd at the pictured balloon ascensions.

For a long time in Uncle Ed's attic there were three ancient billiard balls of mysterious origin which we kept

carefully concealed so that during our visits, when bored with every other activity, we could amuse ourselves by rolling them up and down the wooden floor, producing a rumble like distant thunder and sometimes causing Aunt Mame to descend or rather ascend upon us from her work in the house below with pleas to desist before we split her head with the noise.

These three billiard balls figured in a rather curious incident which, as we have said, almost caused a family crisis. It came about in this wise: There was only one light hanging on a cord in the attic of Uncle Ed's house, and Aunt Mame decided one day that this was insufficient and acted immediately upon her decision by calling in an electrician to install another fixture. The electrician began his work one afternoon after expressing his emphatic dismay at the litter of assorted trunks, tables, and other impedimenta which he had to contend with. In trying to push a heavy trunk out of the way of his operations, he inadvertently bumped the wall at precisely the spot where, on a high jutting ledge, we had on the occasion of our last play session craftily concealed the billiard balls. The movement was sufficient to set the balls in motion and falling from a height of about six feet upon the stooped workman, they bounced one after another in rapid succession upon his head and thence to the floor. The effect of this threefold impact upon his cranium was to cause the poor electrician to slide gently to the floor and rest motionless on his face with his body wedged between Captain Kidd's trunk and an old rocking chair with one rocker missing. There he remained quietly

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for about a quarter of an hour, knocked out as cleanly as any opponent of Joe Louis in the prize ring. When we questioned him later as to his sensations at the time, he told us that when the first billiard ball hit him he saw a shower of colored stars; the second caused him to hear a pealing as of many church bells, and the third, he said, brought him the sensation of being dropped into a very deep well.

Meanwhile Aunt Mame had, after leaving her workman to his duties in the attic, been busily engaged in the kitchen making a batch of cookies, when she suddenly found that she was out of some necessary ingredient and decided to run to the corner store in order to purchase it. It was at this precise moment that the electrician in the attic became the victim of harsh circumstances in connection with the falling billiard balls. It was late afternoon, and a few minutes after the events described above, Uncle Ed came home from work. Not finding Aunt Mame, and receiving no answer to his hail, he concluded rightly that she had stepped out of the house for a moment, and according to his nightly custom proceeded upstairs to make himself presentable for supper. He was sitting on the side of the bed engaged in putting on a fresh pair of socks while directly overhead in the attic the electrician gradually awakened from his enforced slumber and in a bemused condition began to look around for an exit, under the impression that he was on the ground floor. The one thing that seemed imperative to him at the moment was to breathe in some fresh air, and indeed after a short stay in the musty atmosphere of Uncle Ed's attic one did not have to

be hit on the head to conceive such a desire.

Unfortunately, the only door which swam within his vision was one which led to a section of the attic under the eaves and running the entire width of the house where there was no flooring; only the cross beams and the naked plaster and lathes between. Into this section the workman lurched, and finding it pitch dark, concluded, no doubt, that night had fallen. Before he could give much thought to the matter, another catastrophe befell him; he stepped in the wrong place, and with a crash he plunged through the flooring up to his waist. Uncle Ed, sitting on his bed in the room below, was suddenly amazed when a shower of plaster descended upon him, and looking up, saw two masculine legs hanging through the ceiling and heard from the dim interior of the attic the hoarse bellow of a man in mortal terror of his life. Uncle Ed, after shaking his head free of plaster (one piece of which had raised a nasty lump) took in the situation at a glance. He saw that there was danger of the man's falling through the rest of the way unless he did something, so he climbed on the bed from which vantage point, by reaching up his arms, he could grasp the victim's ankles and support him until help should arrive. Unfortunately, just at the moment he put this plan into execution, the electrician kicked out violently with both feet, seeking to lift himself back up through the hole.

From this point on things really began to happen. Over went Uncle Ed upon the bed, striking his head smartly upon the brass foot rail. Down came the electrician on top of him through the loosened flooring;

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there was a further shower of plaster and broken lathes, followed immediately by a cascade of old books which had been piled up beside the spot in the attic chosen by the electrician for his descent. Uncle Ed was hit by successive volumes out of a complete set of Dickens, but the electrician fared worse: he caught the family-size Funk and Wagnall's dictionary squarely upon the cranium, and for the second time that day sank gracefully into unconsciousness.

At this point Uncle Ed was not unconscious, but he was badly mixed up, and when Aunt Mame, who had re-entered the house just in time to hear the commotion rushed upstairs, she found him sitting on the bed with a bewildered look in his eye, and shaking his head from side to side like a fighter trying to clear his befogged brain. Across his knees lay the inert figure of the electrician, and over and around them both was a good bushel of plaster and about fifty of the world's classics of literature. My Aunt Mame took one look at the wreckage, and Uncle Ed swears this is what she said:

"Edward! Look what you've done to my best bedspread!"

"At a time like that," he would say afterward, with feeling, "she should think of bedspreads!" He never

would tell us what he said in reply, and neither would Aunt Mame, so it must have been something special.

At any rate, Aunt Mame applied restoratives to the electrician, and balm to the injured feelings of Uncle Ed, and in due time the former was able to leave the house under his own power, but muttering to himself that he would be a so-and-so if he would ever go into a so-and-so attic on any so-and-so electrical job, not if they were to pay him 60 dollars a minute. As for Uncle Ed, he made it clear that if there was any work to be done in the attic, he would do it himself, and he also made it clear that he expected Aunt Mame to clean up the attic and clear it of its accumulated junk. This Aunt Mame promised faithfully to do, and did actually make some tentative moves in that direction.

But the next time we children came to play at her house we found only two slight changes. There was a plank nailed across the fatal door through which the electrician had gone to his doom. And search as we might, we could find no trace of the three billiard balls. They had vanished into thin air, and we felt a little resentful toward the electrician for having been the cause of our deprivation.

Easy Money

The president of a department store was walking through a packing room on an informal tour of inspection and saw a colored youth lounging on a box, whistling cheerfully.

"Look here, my man, how much are you paid a week?" he said.

"Ten dollars, sir," was the reply.

"Here's a week's pay, you loafer. You're fired!"

A little later the president met the foreman and asked him:

"When did we hire that boy I just fired?"

"We never hired him, sir," was the answer. "He just brought a package from another firm and was waiting to take a letter back." — *Negro Digest*,



Test of Character (40)

On Petty Thievery

L. M. Merrill

Despite the fact that many people get by with them, there are certain forms of stealing that are marks of great weakness of character and of debased standards of morality. Those who are guilty of such thefts often excuse themselves on spurious grounds, such as that the items stolen are small, or that if they don't take them, someone else will, or that nobody will ever notice the loss of what is stolen. Apart from the fact that any habit of stealing usually grows on a person until it reaches unexpected proportions, there is a viciousness connected even with petty and intermittent stealing that would make one an outcast from decent society if it were to become known. And of course every pennyworth of ill-gotten goods is put down in the great book out of which one's reckoning will be made on judgment day.

The following are some of the forms of petty stealing that are far too common today.

1. *Stealing from stores and shops.* When no clerk is looking, it is quite easy to pocket small items while one is shopping in a five-and-ten cent store, or a department store, or a grocer's store. People who do such things are scurvy shop lifters and nothing better. What a surprise will be theirs when they see every small item listed in their final account before God.

2. *Stealing from an employer.* An employee is entrusted with the care of the goods and belongings of his employer. He has all the chance in the world to take little items, here and there, for his own use: a bit of change, a small tool, materials of various kinds. Unless the employer or owner has said that his employee may have anything he wants (a rare case), the taking of such items is sheer thievery. If it is done regularly, the amount stolen can add up to the malice of a grave sin.

3. *Stealing from hotels and public places.* There are those who think it more or less a joke to steal towels, room furnishings, silverware, etc., from hotels or to take home with them items left for public use in banks, parks, waiting rooms, etc. Every item thus stolen remains on the conscience of the thief until he makes restitution or suffers out his debt in Purgatory.

4. *Stealing unguarded merchandise that is up for sale.* Some persons can walk into a church, ostensibly to pray, and steal pamphlets from the racks in the vestibule. Some people steal newspapers from stacks that newsboys leave unattended to the consciences of the passers-by. Some steal apples and oranges from the stalls in front of stores, while the clerks are busy with customers inside. All who do such things would not be welcome in many homes if the truth about their characters were known.

The only cure for stealing, whether of big things or small, is the realization that it is impossible to get by with stealing. By stealing, one contracts a debt that simply has to be paid, and it will be paid, either voluntarily by restitution, or by the punishment of purgatory or hell. And a prudent fear of purgatory and hell is a necessary attribute of every great character.

A Word to Vacationers

Some do's and don'ts for those who are sallying forth on their first peacetime vacation.

E. F. Miller

WE OFFER a few words of advice to those who will spend part or all of August on vacation.

1. It would be nice if all the members of the family could go on their vacation together, instead of father going here and mother there, and the children, each one separately, following their various paths without thought of or concern about the plans or projects of the others. This presupposes, of course, that all the members of the family are on speaking terms. It is said that this is not always the case even though the same roof covers all the heads and the same table feeds all the mouths. If actually it is not the case, a common vacation in which all take part might be the solution of the problem. It would be rather difficult for a large number of people, possessing the same blood stream, to ride in the cramped quarters of an automobile for a length of time without breaking down sooner or later and saying something pleasant. That might be the end of the feud.

2. Let all the members of the family receive the sacraments of Confession and Holy Communion before their departure in order that God's protection may be upon them and with them amidst the hazards and temptations that are proper to vacation. Mother and father should see to it that this practice is observed. Being older and more experienced, they are supposed to be more sensible than their children who labor under the impression that the world is a mighty fine place in which to live and that

observances not directly connected with the world are all right in their place but somewhat out of place at the beginning of vacation. Let mother and father also see to it that the vacation site is not so far away from civilization that there is no possibility of going to Mass even on Sunday. There may be vacations from work; but there is never a vacation from God. Strangely enough, people die sometimes when they are on vacation; and it is quite certain that God is not going to overlook the violation of serious laws on the plea that the culprit was on vacation. It is advisable for Catholic vacationers to receive the Sacraments often while they are away from home.

3. Let the young folks of the family remember that modesty holds on vacation just as it does at any other season of the year. Perhaps the priest has not said a great deal about it lately from the pulpit; but the girls can be sure that if they wear a swim suit that is so brief and suggestive that it is a source of sin or at least grave temptation to all whose eyes fall upon it and her within it, they are skirting very close to mortal sin. It makes no difference what the style is; God's law is not dependent on the styles that only too often fall from decadent hands. Catholic girls must understand that they can be the cause of countless mortal sins even though they do not know (at least to the extent of seeing it) that a single mortal sin is being committed. Let them not fall into the error that is proper to those who are less blessed than them-

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selves, namely, that attractiveness depends on a brazen exhibition of sex. Perhaps that is the only means that some girls have of capturing the attention of others. But it should not be so with our Catholic girls. Their training and education (presupposing that they had parents with at least a grain of understanding about the purpose of life, the power of personality, etc.) should have equipped them with sufficient charm and information beyond the ABC's to be attractive without having to resort to the equivalent of street walking in order to get a man to bid them the time of day. If the only swim suit that girls can buy today is the kind that is so prevalent in advertisements and the like, the kind that the devil loves and which will be responsible for giving the devil a lot of company in the place below, including, possibly, the young ladies themselves, then let mother make a swim suit that won't shame the angels and bring the wrath of God upon the whole family. Let anything be done rather than use the body which is the temple of the Holy Ghost and which at one time, perhaps a short time before, knew the presence of Jesus Christ in the Eucharist, for the damnation of souls. Mothers of daughters, young ladies, look ye to it during your vacation!

All that has been said about and to the girls holds also for the boys. They too can be a source of temptation to others. It is no sign of manliness or bravery to appear on the beach dressed in a G string like a strip teaser. If they want to show the girls how muscled they are, let them flex their biceps and ripple the sinews of their arms on a platform or hanging from a tree. But let them be dressed

decently for the occasion, and not appear as though they forgot some part of their apparel. They'll fry like fritters if they make of nakedness a habit; and it won't be the sun either that will be causing them their pain.

4. Caution should be exercised in the kind of companions and friends that one associates with and makes during vacation. We speak here only from the moral standpoint. In the warmth of the sunshine, with the blue waters of the lake within easy plunging distance, with the freedom and congeniality that accompany the holidays, strangers about whom nothing more is known except that they have the cottage next door take on a polish that is quite unnatural to them. They give the impression that they are more than what they actually are. When they are met and examined a bit more closely back home during the workday year and they do not have the summer surroundings to hang the halo of interest on their heads, their spiritual shoddiness and cheapness are as patent as the arms in their sleeves. Vacation is supposed to be the time of romance. At least one million stories have been written in magazines (having at least one million subscribers) describing in delightful and soul-stirring words the summer courtship and the precipitate, follow-up marriage of Alfred and Mazie, or of Jonathan and Pearl, or of any other innumerable imaginary nincompoops that febrile and feeble minds conceived and brought forth as heroes and heroines for the delectation of people who love to be fooled. Let not our Catholic boys and girls be fooled. Especially during the vacation should they keep in mind all the things they learned about the sacredness of courtship and marriage while they were at

school. Let them be particularly cautious of launching into more or less steady company keeping with one not of their own faith. If they are burned by refusing to follow this advice, all the salves and lotions that are announced over all the radios in the country will not take away the sting that they will feel when they wake up and find out what has happened.

And while we are on the subject it might be wise to warn mothers and fathers to beware of that innocent two timing which is so common these days during vacation (as well as at other times) and which only means this, that mother takes up with somebody else's husband and father takes up with somebody else's wife. Nothing serious, of course; only a sort of second courtship, but with the wrong party. There may be such a thing as Platonic friendship, that is, a union of minds along mere intellectual lines; and such a Platonic friendship could exist between a male and a female. But we must report that we have not seen it operate very often. Husbands and wives are quite definitely forbidden to "go steady" with someone to whom they are not married. If they are prudent and sensible, they will not allow such a thing even to get started.

5. We advise strongly against carrying along a trailer, attached to the family vehicle, which is designedly filled with cases of bourbon, scotch, and rye, with a few barrels of beer thrown in for good measure. Contrary to the current opinion of the worthy ladies and ladylike gentlemen of the WCTU we do not believe that a man, with his wife and children, will go to hell in a hand basket if he takes a drink — provided he can hold it. Especially during vacation some spirits

might be looked upon as part of the vacation treat, as a means of rewarding and shining up the spirit after a year of hard work in keeping the faith. But to make the *jour de vacance* a time of drinking bouts, one after the other, and of subsequent headaches and crankiness is not only contrary to the idea of vacation but also contrary to the law of God. If a man cannot be temperate in all he does, including drinking, he should leave the world and join a monastery of strict observance where the monks live on bread and water and whip themselves with switches into submission twice each week. And if he cannot go on vacation without making the vacation a bacchanalian orgy from beginning to end, he should not go on vacation at all. Let the rest of the family go by all means; but let him stay home and take care of the lawn.

6. Our last advice covers the idea of vacation itself, and touches on the natural rather than the supernatural. Some people might say that, such being the case, and ourselves being priests, we have no right to talk about that phase of the subject. Separation of Church and State; shoemaker, stick to your last; keep business and worldly matters out of the pulpit; and all that. So be it. We shall talk about the matter anyway.

Vacation is supposed to be a time of rest, a time of getting away from it all, a period for picking up lost energy and for unraveling tightened nerves. Therefore, it is unadvisable for people of sense to undertake so large and exhausting a program of entertaining and of activity that they are completely worn out when the time of vacation comes to an end. Unfortunately, many people have to

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spend a week or two resting up after they come home from the beach or the mountains. This may be all right for those individuals who have nothing in life on which to hang, persons without religion but with a sore and tender conscience, people who cannot stand to be alone even for an hour. They have to be surrounded by the noise and trappings of worldly entertainment or else lose their minds. But our Catholic people are not in that position. It all comes back to this, that common sense must be used even on vacation. Common

sense, with the help of God, keeps minds balanced and souls tranquil and at peace. Common sense suggests that vacation be a time of rest and not a time of frenzied dashing about and mad activity that are ruinous in their effects.

These remarks can be closed with the principles: Drive carefully. Swim cautiously. Pray regularly. Give good example always. Relax completely. Enjoy the sunshine. Sleep long. And put your trust in God. And your vacation will be a success.

May God be with you on your trip.

No Fault of His

News Item: "Fred Hill, 42-year-old nursery man, confessed that he strangled his wife last December 7 and buried her in the back yard of his home. Hill's attorney, S. S. Hahn, said the nursery man would enter a plea of Dementia Americana, a "type of temporary insanity peculiar to the emotional instability of the United States."

Don't blame the man
Who choked his wife,
He was just upset
By modern life.
His wife he killed
And later buried,
He was annoyed
At being married.
His life was just
Too full and busy,
He fell into
A mental tizzy.
Condemn him if
You think you're able.
He merely was
A bit unstable.
No jail for him,
No rope of hemp. Oh
It's all the fault
Of the modern tempo.

— L. G. Miller

Lessons for Bores (IV)

On one occasion when Huey Long was staging a filibuster in the Senate, he paused for a moment to take a glass of water. Thereupon Senator Johnson rose to a point of order.

"Mr. Chairman," he said, "is it not out of order for a windmill to be operated hydraulically?"

The Devil and the U.N.

The international issues as they look to the invisible enemy of all mankind.

D. F. Miller

Scene: A cavern unknown to human beings situated in the bowels of the earth beneath Hunter College, New York. The characters are seated around a semicircle of natural stone, not unlike a carved table.

Time: During the United Nations Security Council deliberations at Hunter College.

Cast: 1. Satan, sole dictator of all the infernal regions, and mastermind of all the plots against human beings.

2. Satanic Envoy in charge of promotion of national sovereignty, national pride, veto rights, and allied sources of friction among nations.

3. Satanic Envoy in charge of exploitation of the atomic bomb.

4. Satanic Envoy in charge of protecting international cartels, foreign investments, monopolies, and trade practices that promote wars.

Satan: I've dropped in on you, despite the multitude and importance of my operations all over the world, because, as I told you when I assigned you to your tasks, I deem nothing more important and far reaching than the job to be done right here. I have neglected other things to train you for that job. I stayed on at San Francisco during all the deliberations there just to show you the master plan for dealing with this United Nations setup in such a way that, while its delegates think they are preventing war, they are actually drawing the lines and preparing the issues that will force the next war on humanity. Each one of you, therefore, has been well trained in the necessary

strategy. I would like to know how you carried on during the present meeting of what you should aim to make the Insecurity Council of the Disunited Nations.

Envoy for National Sovereignty: My job is easy, boss. I must give you credit; you certainly succeeded in building up enough national jealousy, pride, and insistence on selfish veto rights at San Francisco to make this meeting a perfect fiasco. The only time during this whole meeting that I had the slightest worry was when your Envoy on Atomic Bombs permitted the suggestion to be made that the veto right must be renounced by all five big nations if the atomic bomb was to be scrapped. That wasn't my fault. Up to that time I had delegates exercising their veto power right and left, and nobody even suggested that it made a farce out of the whole proceeding.

Envoy for Atomic Bombs (turning on the previous speaker with curling sarcasm): Did you notice, my dear, what came of the suggestion that the veto power be renounced? Were you perhaps hanging around one of the cocktail rooms sticking your nose into other demons' business when it was clearly stated that at least one nation would never sacrifice the right to veto any decision of the other nations? What do you expect? That no human being (may all of them meet destruction!) will ever get an idea contrary to our plans? The boss did your work at San Francisco. Mine only began after that meeting, and I've stayed on the job doing it well. I can't be

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blamed for every speech thought up and made by crackpot idealists.

Envoy for National Sovereignty: The point is that that is just your business. They caught you napping.

Envoy for Atomic Bombs: That's not true. I did everything in demoniacal power to stop that speech. I —

Satan: Silence! Can't you minions ever get together without starting a quarrel? You sound like the United Nations themselves. Can't you at least respect my presence here, when you know that I can thrust you back into the unmitigated horrors of hell and keep you there, if I will? And by the seven capital sins, I will do just that if you don't try to get along. I want your reports, and no more of this jealousy. Leave that to human beings, at least while you are on the job, even if you are destined to quarrel with one another in private for all eternity. You, Envoy for National Sovereignty, what have you got to say for yourself?

Envoy for National Sovereignty: I'm going right down the line for your original plan, O ever disreputable archdemon. My watchword is "No surrender of national sovereignty." I've got the delegates upstairs so filled with the idea that they are attending this meeting to protect the interests of their own countries and not to surrender anything for the sake of peace, that not a single unselfish decision has yet been made. More than that. I have hired my full complement of underling demons to infest the state departments of every nation represented, and the editorial offices of all newspapers, for the purpose of promoting national pride and jealousy and mistrust of other nations on the home grounds. It is easy in the nations where there is no freedom of the

press and no freedom of the ballot. All I have to do there is to get my suggestions across at the top, and everybody that counts goes down the line for them. It's tougher in the free countries, where I've got to get to everybody who has any influence. But nobody anyplace has started much of a campaign for a genuine union of nations, with national sovereignty subjected to an international authority. If I can prevent it, they never will, at least until the middle of the next war when they will start realizing that they have to pay something for peace. It will be too late then. This next war — won't that be hell, though! (*Rubs his hands.*)

Satan: Not bad. Not bad. But you are a little too smug in just taking it for granted that war will come someday if you stick to that line. Put in a little more time stressing individual differences now. Start working on that next war. Make delegates insult one another. We can't wait a whole generation for another war. We want it soon. How about your job, you of the Atomic Bomb campaign?

Envoy for Atomic Bombs: I hope that you and your infernal council realize the touchy task that you gave me. I had to work against one of the most powerful of all human emotions, viz., fear. For a while, I thought fear was going to drive these despicable human beings into some kind of holy and authoritative alliance that would set us back for fifty years. But I got a couple of scientists to come out with statements deprecating the power of atomic bombs; I got others to tell the world that a complete defense against atomic bombs would be found; I'm working now on the project of making the tests at Bikini look rather ineffective, and I think I

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am right in saying that I have destroyed the power of fear to a large extent. You will have noticed too that the high-sounding program for scrapping the atomic bomb met with all but universal objections, while in the meantime I've got scientists in almost every country working their heads off to produce such bombs for their own nations. The next war will be an atomic bomb war, or I deserve to be demoted to the job of promoting petty stealing among children.

Satan: See that you don't trip over your own prophecies. And I don't want any more of this friction between you and my Envoy for National Sovereignty. You two have got to work together. National Sovereignty has to be protected by the Atomic Bomb — and one devil can't work on one end of that proposition without consulting and co-operating with the other. Let there be a race in bomb making. You know well enough that such races always end in war. Let them compete to produce more and better atomic bombs, and get going on it. What have you to say for yourself, you to whom we entrusted all the money issues between nations?

Envoy for Money: Of course you know, Chief — and who should know better? — that my job is of the unglamorous kind that most devils dislike. I have to work behind the scenes, and I seldom get credit for what I accomplish, either among human beings or among my own sensitive companions. But you know, and I know, that hell could hardly get along without me. It was, I beg you to recall, because I had so much success in effecting the damnation of individuals through their love of money that you detailed me to this job of

promoting war — and, of course, damnation through war — by working on the international aspects of the money trade.

Satan: Come, come, get on with it. I have no time for historical preludes nor for your self-adulation. If you are looking for credit and applause for your work, you are forgetting your damned status, and you might as well go back into hell where you'll have time to meditate in private misery on your past achievements. Any demon who isn't willing to work for the cause alone will be relieved of his post. Get on with your story.

Envoy for Money: Oh, don't get me wrong, Chief. I'm not in this for myself. I'm just trying to give you an over-all picture of the difficulties of the job you gave me. Nobody admits it, but it's money that does the talking when it comes to wars. I've read all the records of your own past operations. I've build up my program along those lines.

Satan: It is good that you are willing to learn from your betters.

Envoy for Money: You bet I am. Now here is my plan. For the time being, I am working up a nice state of resentment and bitterness between nations over loans and reparations. It is surprising how angry one nation can become at another either because the one wants to borrow a few billion dollars from the other, or because the other refuses to loan the few billion dollars. I hope you have read some of the speeches I have inspired on that very point. They reek with hatred, mistrust of motives, veiled threats of revenge. Isn't that the stuff out of which we build wars? Then this reparations question. Have you noticed how completely at odds

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the nations are as to who should pay what to whom for the damages of the last war? Why, they'll never get that settled without somebody planning and plotting the next war.

Satan: Good, as far as it goes. But is that all?

Envoy for Money: Not by a damned soul, it isn't. Haven't you noticed, as you've traveled about the globe, how much I've done to promote the trade-barrier and monopoly issues? Take trade. There's a situation for you. The big businessmen of every nation are demanding of their governments that their foreign trade be protected; that it be made impossible for foreign production to compete with them; that by high tariffs and import laws and corners on raw materials other nations be kept in a subordinate economic position. Well, that kind of situation can last only so long without breaking out in a war. Again, take the cartel business. A great hullabaloo was raised when the last war broke out over the tie-ups that big industries had with foreign country corporations. The hullabaloo has died down now, and the same old tie-ups are being made all over again. Big money will demand that big money invested in foreign countries be protected, even if that means war. And as a side line, I'm working on transportation angles too. Not all nations have access to the open lanes of the sea, nor to the canals and rivers on which world trade depends. I'm seeing to it that other nations won't give them that access. Thus they'll be starved and crippled into a state in

which they will prefer war to anything. Pretty good, eh?

Satan: Good, yes, but I must repeat that I do not like the air of smug satisfaction with which all of you present your plans. One would think that you were not going to meet with any opposition. I suppose it would be too much to expect of a demon that he practice a little humility, but at least you should be conscious of the opposition you may have to face. There are two things that can blast all your well-laid plans to smithereens. The one is the emergence of some great international figure, who will sway the statesmen of the world into the channels of unselfishness, justice, charity, and peace. It's part of your job to prevent the emergence of such a leader. See to it that every statesman is corrupted while he is still uninfluential and unimportant. And the other thing that can ruin us is the spread of religion among the peoples of the world. If the true religion takes hold of the hearts of many people in any nation, they will make you look like ninnies in your effort to promote the next war. It is true that I have other demons working on that problem; but you have to reckon with it yourselves. Keep your ears to the ground. Report immediately to me when you run across a statesman, however obscure, who seems to have both genius and integrity. And use your spare time to keep alive the spirit of atheism, the spirit of agnosticism, the spirit of prejudice, the spirit of immorality. It is only by indefatigable zeal that we shall accomplish all our aims.

Great Day in History

The first time that smoking tobacco was brought to the attention of white men was on November 6, 1492. On that day, according to the *Journal of Columbus*, his sailors saw the natives of San Salvador inhaling smoke from what the awed crew members called "firebrands."



Thoughts for the Shut-in

L. F. Hyland

On the Conviction of Immortality

It is an old truth that we become acutely conscious of the value of good things by experiencing their opposites. Thus appreciation of health comes with the experience of being sick; thankfulness for the gift of sight is enhanced by temporary blindness; delight over that which is beautiful grows when it is viewed in contrast with the ugly. The human mind is so constituted that it needs comparisons to know things clearly; and the most effective comparisons are those which view opposite things side by side.

For the shut-in, the intimations of mortality that his condition affords should intensify his knowledge of and rejoicing in the concept of immortality. Whether he be imprisoned in his room because of illness or injury, whether his incapacity be temporary or incurable, it keeps him conscious of his mortality. He has direct experience of the seeds of decay that are implanted in every human body; he is in little danger of forgetting the certainty and universality of death. By the same token he should be able to fix his mind on the delightful concept of immortality.

This should be done in two circumstances that go with the condition of the shut-in. The first is that in which the thought of death awakens in his mind and the fear of death starts up in his heart. "Am I going to die?" is the unspoken question that frequently comes to every shut-in. That is the time when mortality should meet with immortality, and the mind should concentrate all its attention upon the latter. The consuming force of fever, the wild palpitating of a weakened heart, the weakness of hands and feet to obey the commands of the mind, the progressive helplessness of the whole body should bring clearly into focus the realization that "the corruptible will put on incorruptibility," that one day heart and brain and hands and feet and the entire body will know health that no disease, no age, no passage of time will ever endanger or weaken any more.

The second circumstance conducive to the thought of immortality is that of the experience of pain. Pain is the voice of mortality clamoring to be heard. Pain is the whisper of death, approaching from afar or near. But pain should also be the incentive to thoughts of the opposite of death, viz., that immortality in which pain and illness shall be no more. Here the mind can exercise the greatest power it has over matter; by concentration on the positive reality of immortality it can render the experience of mortality far less harrowing and severe.

Of course one thing is needed to make possible such transfers of attention. That is a strong faith in immortality, supported by the reasoning that underlies all faith. Such faith is not difficult for anyone who knows that the key to all that God has ever done for man, the key to the explanation of the Incarnation, the Crucifixion, and the abiding presence of God in His Church, is the immortality of man. God came that man might not taste death forever.

The Serpent and the Lady

The history of modern times compacted into a short phrase uttered on a hillside.

R. J. Miller

MAY to October, 1917, was the most momentous six months' period in modern history. It marked the beginning of the last scene of the last act in the tragedy of an old world, and at the same time the prologue in the drama of a new civilization that was being born.

But it was more than play acting; it was a titanic battle, a well-planned campaign; two mighty personalities leading two world-wide movements with trusted lieutenants on either side.

We are still too near the campaign's beginnings to be able to judge its features in their massive simplicity. We are too involved in the campaign ourselves to be able to gauge the bearing of all its movements on the final outcome. The campaign itself is not yet over; right at the present time it is in its fiercest final phase.

But we should be blind not to see the signs of more than human leadership on either side; and we should be hopelessly obtuse if we failed to recognize the telling indications that have been given as to where the ultimate victory will lie.

During almost thirty years the two great personalities have led their forces, each in its own way. Sometimes they seemed to be moving independently of each other; sometimes they were engaged in struggle for the same ground; sometimes they were face to face in deadly combat.

On the one side, the ancient serpent, the spirit of division, of hatred and violence, and the father of treachery and lies, who has spawned

murder, rapine, revolution, and war out of poor fallen human nature on every continent and from pole to pole all over the face of the earth. His movement — atheistic Communism. His trusted lieutenants — Lenin, Trotsky, Stalin, the Politbureau, the powers that be in Moscow.

On the other, the Woman; the Mother of Mercy, of grace, of fair love, and the refuge of sinners; the Virgin most pure, conceived without sin; but the Woman mighty as an army in battle array, who, when she puts her foot down, crushes the serpent's head. Her movement — the renewal of Christian life inaugurated at Fatima. Her trusted lieutenants — simple, unlettered children on the one hand, and the giant Popes Benedict XV, Pius XI, and Pius XII on the other.

Between May and October, 1917, the battle lines were drawn. The serpent chose his agents well, with his usual astute eye for whatever can bring misery to the human race. His men were tried and true rebels, dedicated to his own principles of hatred, violence, and treachery. The woman, on the other hand, chose in the first place two utterly dissimilar kinds of agents to carry on her campaign. One was a little group of three children, who, to every human appearance, were completely unsuited to the world-wide mission consigned to their care. The other, chosen on the very same day as the children, was a brilliant and saintly Roman prelate by the name of Eugene Pacelli.

During the fateful six months, the

serpent's campaign got well under way in Russia. Lenin and Trotzky, his best men, had landed in Petrograd during April. Their announced purpose was to "set Europe on fire at both ends" — first, Revolution in Russia, then revolution in Spain and Portugal. And at the end of the six months, the "October revolution" put the serpent and his agents in power in Russia.

On May 5, 1917, Pope Benedict appealed directly to the Woman. By a special and unusual decree, he added a new invocation to the Litany of Loretto, to be repeated countless millions of times by the faithful in every corner of the earth during the campaign to come: "Queen of Peace, pray for us!" But the Woman was not slow to heed the call of her trusted lieutenant. On May 13, 1917, three small children were tending sheep on a country hillside near the little town of Fatima in Portugal. None of them could read or write, and their ages were seven, nine, and ten. Suddenly they saw before them a lovely Lady who addressed them kindly, and asked them as a favor if they would return to that same spot on the thirteenth of each month for six months; and at the end of the six months she promised that she would tell them who she was, and would work a great miracle to prove the truth of what she said.

On that same day, and almost at that same hour, a young priest was being consecrated bishop in the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican in Rome by Pope Benedict himself. The name of that young priest was Eugene Pacelli.

The Woman continued laying the basis of her campaign during the six months. On July 13 she told the

children: "This present war is going to end; but if people do not mend their ways, there will come another war far more terrible. The Pope and the Church will have much to suffer; various nations will be destroyed. But in the end, the Immaculate Heart of Mary is going to triumph. The Pope will consecrate the world and Russia to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Russia will be converted; the world will have peace; and Portugal will never lose the faith."

The Woman was explicit enough, it must be admitted. First she had promised "a great miracle" for a certain place and certain time; then she predicted World War II; she promised that the Pope would consecrate the world and Russia to the Immaculate Heart of Mary; she as much as defied the serpent and his agents to set Europe on fire at its western end with her promise that "Portugal would never lose the faith"; and even allowing that the fire was being enkindled in Russia, she predicted that in the end Russia itself would be converted.

On October 13, 1917, within a week of the "October revolution" in Russia, came "the great miracle" at Fatima. Seventy thousand persons were gathered on the hillsides surrounding the spot of the apparitions. They did not see the Lady when she appeared for the last time to the children to "tell them who she was" and told them: "I am the Lady of the Rosary." But the seventy thousand did see the great miracle. The sun began to whirl within its disk like a fiery wheel, casting great shafts of red, yellow, blue, green, purple light over the landscape and over the assembled thousands; then the sun seemed to be loosed from its

place in the sky, and to come hurtling down on the throng. Screams of terror, prayers, acts of contrition were heard from the crowd, for they thought the end of the world had come. But then the sun returned to its place, and all was calm; the Lady had worked her miracle, and the seventy thousand were convinced. They recognized her power; they believed it was the Mother of God who had appeared to the children. But few if any of them, it may be asserted, were in a position at that time to realize that the great miracle was the Woman's rallying cry in her great campaign.

In the years that followed, the presence and the power of the serpent and of the Woman was clearly evident in the conduct of their campaigns.

The trail of the serpent is over all the revolutions engineered from Moscow. Until the year 1939, some forty such revolutions had taken place; even then, before the serpent and his henchmen really got down to work as they have done in the past seven years, these revolutions had cost about forty million human lives and brought untold misery to countless others. In Spain alone during the years 1934-39, one group of victims counted 13 bishops, 5255 priests, and 2669 nuns and religious brothers. One young Communist who had fought in the civil war in Spain was asked: "Has your war experience led you to a belief in God?" He replied: "In God, I do not know; but I am certain it has taught me to believe in the devil!"

On the other hand, the Woman's presence is clearly seen in the progress of her campaign. Portugal has not lost the faith; on the contrary, the

past thirty years have seen an unprecedented revival of faith and devotion in that country. Shortly before 1917, one of the leading politicians had predicted: "In one more generation, Portugal will have ceased to be a Catholic country!" Instead, under the Woman's influence, the passage of one generation has seen the rise to power as head of the government in Portugal a man who is a daily communicant; it has seen Catholic education for the Catholic children and youths of Portugal in every school and university in the land; it has seen a development of the Catholic press, an increase in priestly and religious vocations, a general revitalizing of the faith of the people which is absolutely without precedent in the history of the country.

And Europe has not been set on fire at its western end. When the torch was being held over Spain and Portugal in 1936, the bishops of Portugal, gathered at Fatima, made a vow to the Lady that if their country was spared the red scourge, they would lead their people in a pilgrimage of gratitude to her shrine in the year 1938. The Lady again showed her power; the red revolution failed in Spain, and never gained access to Portugal; and in 1938 the Portuguese bishops led half a million of their people in pilgrimage to Fatima in grateful fulfillment of their vow.

Moreover, the Pope did consecrate the world and Russia to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. In 1942, on the silver jubilee of the apparitions, Pius XII, who had been consecrated a bishop on the very day of the first apparitions, by a solemn act consecrated the world and Russia to the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

Moreover, the turning points in

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World War II occurred in the majority of instances on days sacred to the Woman.

Hitler invaded Russia June 22, 1941 — the Feast of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. The Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor when it was December 8 in Tokyo — Feast of the Immaculate Conception. German resistance in North Africa ended on May 12-13, 1943 — anniversary of the first apparitions at Fatima. Italy surrendered unconditionally to the Allies September 8, 1943 — Feast of the Nativity of the Lady. The American campaign in the Aleutians ended August 15, 1943 — Feast of the Lady's Assumption

into heaven. June 5, 1944, was the Feast of Our Lady, Mediatrix of Graces; it was also the "day of prayer" in the United States before the Normandy D-Day! and on that day also, allied troops were marching into Rome. August 15, 1944, was the Feast of the Lady's Assumption, and D-Day for southern France, besides being the day of the decisive battle of Falaise in Northern France. Finally, the official V-E Day proclaimed by President Truman was May 13, 1945, day of the first apparitions at Fatima; and V-J Day was August 15, 1945, the Feast of the Lady's Assumption into heaven.

Man of Prayer

Word comes from Spain as to Franco's method of encountering difficult international situations.

On one occasion during the war, the German ambassador in Madrid, von Moltke, presented himself before Franco on Hitler's orders and demanded that Spain enter the war on Hitler's side, and that within 48 hours. If not, the German divisions would invade the Spanish peninsula on the expiration of the ultimatum. Immediately the American and British ambassadors, warned of the situation, threatened Franco that the Allied troops would invade Spain from the south if German troops crossed the frontier.

Franco promised both parties an immediate answer. Then he called his personal chaplain and requested him to expose the Blessed Sacrament in his private chapel. There the "Caudillo" remained in prayer for more than an hour.

Less than 24 hours later, von Moltke suffered a stroke.

No more was heard of the German and the Allied threats.

Similarly, when early in 1946 Franco had to reply to a note from the United States, he said to the Minister who presented the note for his signature: "We shall sign tomorrow." "But, Excellency," remonstrated the Minister, "the matter is urgent." "We shall sign tomorrow," repeated Franco. As soon as the Minister had left, Franco again called his chaplain and requested that he expose the Blessed Sacrament. This time he remained four hours in prayer before the altar. Next day he signed the note, and contrary to expectation, it was well received in diplomatic circles throughout the world (except, of course, in Russia).

Catholic Negroes

There are 296,998 Catholic Negroes in the United States, or only 2.3 per cent of the total Negro population. Hence out of every 100 Negroes only two are Catholic. However, during the past 15 years there has been a gain of 93,012 in the number of colored Catholics, and this trend has been visible particularly in the North, where the Catholic population has almost doubled during that period. — *Our Colored Missions*.



For Wives and Husbands Only

D. F. Miller

Problem: How far away must a child live from a Catholic school before parents have a reason for sending it to a near-by public school? In our town the Catholic school is a good mile and a half from our home. There is a public school within six blocks. We feel that the danger and difficulty of making the child walk a mile and a half every morning, or the inconvenience of driving it to school every morning and of calling for it after school are ample reason for utilizing the facilities of the public school. Our pastor disagrees with us and we feel that he is being unreasonable. What do you say?

Solution: Your pastor is on the spot, and probably knows circumstances that are not mentioned in your letter to us. Anyway, he is the one who has the authority to decide your case, and your duty is obedience. The alternative is the loss of your right to receive the sacraments.

However, there are several considerations that should be of help to you in deciding so important a matter. You speak about danger, difficulty, inconvenience, as telling arguments against sending your child to the Catholic school. But you do not seem to match these with any conviction of the importance of a Catholic education for your child. True, there is a point at which danger and difficulty involved in sending a child to a Catholic school become so great that no authority in the Church would insist that they be faced. But it is extremely doubtful whether yours have reached that point. If they had, then thousands upon thousands of Catholic children now in Catholic schools would be withdrawn; then thousands upon thousands of Catholic parents who drive their children to and from school every day would save all that time for themselves; then scores of Catholic schools would have to be closed. The Church insists on a Catholic education for Catholic children, even at the expense of double taxation, even to the point of sacrifice on the part of parents; and thousands of Catholic families gladly accept the sacrifice and the inconveniences involved, many of them far greater than those which you describe; why then should you make yourselves an exception both to the law and the example of others? The only reason can be that you are not convinced of the supreme importance of a thoroughly Catholic education for your children.

Furthermore, the very sacrifice and inconvenience you and your child must endure in behalf of a Catholic education would be a deeply impressive thing for the latter, if it were accepted by you as a not too severe price to pay for an advantage that cannot be expressed in words. If a child is taught from the age of seven on that inconveniences excuse one from even important laws, you will have a hard time teaching it the value of any principle. Like too many children, it will grow up seeking (and finding) excuses from almost any obligation; and its education without religion will promote this practice. You had better put aside your objections and obey your pastor.

Brother Andrew and the Miracle

A story of humility—true and false. The tale is interesting—the moral clear.

E. F. Miller

BROTHER ANDREW was a monk with vows for two whole years now, and he flattered himself that he was getting on in the spiritual life very well indeed. True, the life of a contemplative religious was hard; but he reveled in its hardness. Rigor and discipline were not brand new to him, for even at home on the farm during the years of his boyhood he had been required to work long hours in the fields and barns, with little opportunity for recreation or amusement. Still, getting up at midnight to pray is not something that every young man desires to adopt as part of a daily program. Brother Andrew in following the holy rule of St. Ansgar had to get up at midnight to pray every night of the year; and strange to say, he liked it. When the bell rang out at a quarter to twelve he was on his feet and into his shoes (he slept in his habit, as did all the monks) almost before the last sound had died away. And during the singing of the psalms his voice was always the loudest and the merriest.

Nor is obedience a matter that does not try the soul of ordinary men. Brother Andrew doted on obedience. But again it was a case of knowing the meaning of obedience long before he knew the meaning of the vows. His father in the world had been a stern task master, liberal with his reprimands and not reluctant to use a whip or the flat of the hand if his son evinced too great a spirit of freedom and self-will. Thus Brother Andrew had no difficulty in giving up his will when he became a monk.

He had never had a will that he might call his own.

But it is humility that causes the greatest travail of soul amongst even the best of men. In this virtue the young monk thought that he excelled. Sometimes he used to spend part of the meditation period in summing up his accomplishments, and deciding in which one he was most advanced. His conclusions were ever the same: humility. Who was lowlier than he? He had no fine or fancy education; he had no fear of mud on his shoes and habit when he plowed the fields or brought in the cows; he washed the pots and pans in the kitchen when the other monks found these tasks most distasteful and revolting. He was just a simple farm boy turned monk. And who more than himself recognized this fact? If humility is truth, was not he humble to the core?

For that very reason, namely, because of the many virtues that he had acquired, Brother Andrew was at a loss to find a sufficient explanation for one phenomenon that was exhibiting itself in his life. In reading the lives of the canonized during his novitate he had noticed that almost all the saints worked miracles. Some of them even worked miracles when they were very young, mere boys and girls. Such a thing was understandable of course, for, most likely, they had been very pious boys and girls. He himself, he knew, had not been too pious as a boy. He used to swear quite freely when something went wrong, as for example, when the horses lashed out with their hoofs in

a fit of stubbornness or anger. And there were moments when he ogled the girls, dressed up in their finery, as they paraded down the main street of his town on a Saturday afternoon, much more than he eyed his beads. Anybody could understand why no miracles were forthcoming in those worldly and sinful days. Furthermore, he had not even begun to practice humility then.

But now it was different. He had put aside all thoughts of the opposite sex long since, going so far in the effort as to wade into the freezing waters of the monastery lake up to his neck, habit and all, in the middle of November when the daughters of Eve persisted in paying visits to his memory and imagination. That was quite enough to keep them far away. He had also cured his tongue of its tendency to swear by the simple expedient of joining a religious order that bound its members not only not to swear, but not to speak at all except in praising God and in answering charity's call. One time, when as a novice he forgot himself and under his breath consigned to the bad place a door into which he bumped in the darkness of the night, he immediately took a large bite from a bar of soap and chewed it down as though it were a piece of candy. He became slightly sick in consequence, and had to request the services of the brother infirmarian. But he never cursed again.

Why, then, was he unable to work a miracle? He was doing everything the saints did, keeping his eyes cast down at all times, practicing penances until he ached all over and observing the silence like a man without a tongue. Yet, he had experienced not so much as a single vision. As to ecstasies, that is, being raised

off the floor as though he had been given wings, and hanging suspended in mid-air, for all to see and wonder at, he found himself every single time he gave himself to prayer, more rooted to the floor when he finished his prayer than he was when he began. At least his knees hurt more at the end than they did at the beginning; and in proof that they were always firmly fastened to the floor, large calluses had appeared on them like the scaly back of a deep-sea fish.

He had taken special pains to have an ecstasy, for this appeared to him to be the easiest miracle of all to work. Closing his eyes, praying with all his might, and imagining that he was slowly going upward, he would open his eyes only to discover that he was exactly where he was before — on the floor. It was disconcerting if not downright discouraging. Definitely there was something wrong in his approach. Old Brother Everard of happy memory had filled the breadbox with newly baked bread by means of a gesture when the cook had said that there was no bread in the whole monastery, that there was not even any flour with which to bake bread. And Abbot Calixtus had touched the arm of Brother Joseph immediately after the arm had been broken, and behold, the pain was gone and the arm was no longer broken. It was admitted by all that Brother Everard and Abbot Calixtus were godly men. But what did they do which Brother Andrew did not do himself? What did they have which he did not have? Nothing, as far as he could see. Therefore, he should have the power of accomplishing what they were able to accomplish, namely, of working at least one tiny miracle as a proof that he was holy.

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Brother Andrew put his mind to the problem, studying it during the day when he was laboring in the fields, thinking about it in the chapel when he was reciting the divine office, and pondering on it at night before he fell asleep. Besides that, he read through almost every saint's life that he could find in the library and for which he could secure permission in order to discover if possible the method that was followed in suspending the laws of nature. And suddenly the truth dawned upon him. Not every saint had ecstasies; but every saint did something startling and unnatural. Some cured the blind while others made themselves appear in two different places at the same time; some prophesied the future while others sustained life for longer years without food. All did something that was proper and peculiar just to them. Perhaps he had not as yet found the particular law of nature which it was his privilege to suspend. He would look around; he would keep his eyes open. Meanwhile he would be more humble than ever, especially toward Brother Elias whom he did not like.

This brother was an old man with many eccentricities. It was believed amongst the monks that when he was in the world he had been a general of an army. Others held (within themselves, of course) that no, he had not been a general, but rather a bishop of a large and flourishing diocese. Whatever of truth lay in these suspicions, he seemed just to stumble through the religious life as though he did not know what it was all about. And every deed he did or step he took irritated Brother Andrew to no end. Possessing but few teeth in his mouth he chanted the breviary in choir with a sound like

water gurgling from a fountain, or like a famished man consuming mush. Because he was crippled and sickly he did little more for the community than attend the exercises laid down by the holy rule, and spend at most an hour working in the fields each day. Brother Andrew could not help but feel that he was hardly earning his board amongst the brethren. But, in spite of all, he would be humble even in the presence of this laggard. And to make sure that all went well, he would add some extra prayers to the many prayers he already said, implementing the same with a score or more of jagged-edged chains that he would wear around his arms and legs. No door would be left open through which his opportunity might slip away.

The opportunity to work a miracle came sooner than he had anticipated.

There was in the monastery a monk by the name of Cyprian who suffered from a variety of diseases. No sooner would he recover from one than he would be attacked by another, until finally all of them, past and present, took hold of him at one and the same time and made of him a bursting boil of agony and germs. It was too much for his tortured body to withstand. One evening just as the monks were entering the refectory for their collation the call came that they were to repair to Cyprian's cell at once, bringing with them blessed candles from the sacristy. In silence and with lighted candles in their hands they knelt about the rough cot of the dying man, giving the appropriate answers to the prayers as a priest of the order administered the last sacraments, and bowing their heads low as they heard

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the words of invitation extended to their brother monk to receive as food against the journey he was about to make the Body of our Lord Jesus Christ. Brother Cyprian partook of the Viaticum with every sign of fervor and devotion. And shortly afterward he died.

Brother Andrew had been in the room with the rest of the brethren. But it was not until he was walking down the corridor some time later that he realized the significance of the event which had just taken place. Like an inspiration from on high the thought came to him; here was his chance; this was what he had been looking forward to for so long; now at length the opportunity to work a miracle was at hand—the kind of miracle that was reserved for him. *He would raise old Brother Cyprian to life!* St. Vincent Ferrer had done that very thing; so also had St. Peter; and Don Bosco had done it many times. There was no reason in the world why he should not be able to do it too. But he would have to work fast. In his community the body of a deceased brother was not long kept. Undergoing no embalming or beautifying as is the custom of the world, it was laid out on the chapel floor before the high altar until morning. Then after the Conventual Mass the brothers carried it to the graveyard and buried it with only such pomp and ceremony as the rites and rubrics of the Church allowed. Delay was pointless, it was felt, for what had happened was this alone—another soul had won the fight and gone to heaven. Henceforth the body would be useless, at least until the final summons on the last day. Therefore, let it be put in its appointed place until the summons came.

In view of this fact Brother Andrew knew that the greatest speed was necessary. It would be asking too much to expect a miracle of resurrection once the burial was finished and the grave filled with its allotment of earth. He debated with himself as to the best and most fitting time for the doing of the deed. Perhaps he should wait until the morning when all the community would be gathered together in the chapel. What a crashing shock would fall upon the men were he to march up to the bier and touching the corpse command in a loud voice that the recently departed soul come back again and take up residence in the body. But no. There were considerations that made such a course impolitic and dangerous. Resolutely he put aside the idea as a suggestion of the devil and a temptation to pride. He would work his miracle when no one was around. He would do it that very night, after Matins and Lauds, when the brethren had retired to their cells and dormitories, and when the monastery was lost in silence of the early morning. About 2:30 a.m. would be the best suited time.

Once the decision was made there was little left for Brother Andrew to do but to wait in patience. He could not sleep; so instead of even trying, he lay on his cot, unmindful of the usually aggravating snoring of Brother Elias, and rehearsed what he would do. The great clock in the tower struck the quarter hours with tantalizing slowness as though time had suddenly decided to stand still and pass no more. There were faint rumblings of thunder in the far-off distance and the patter of raindrops could be heard on the roof. A storm was brewing, for the day had been

intensely hot. Indications were that it would be a bad, electric storm. And then at last the bell for Matins sounded, and Brother Andrew was in his shoes and on his way. It must be conceded that he did not say his office very well that night. But he said it in some fashion; and finally it came to an end. The Abbot gave the sign, and the monks filed singly from the chapel to their places of sleep for the rest of the night, or morning, if you will, for it was now well past two o'clock. Brother Andrew went with them as far as the corridor where they dispersed. Then, quietly, he slipped back to the chapel.

The lights had been put out and the place was dark now except for the six large candles that stood stiff around the corpse and sent uneven patches of brightness into the pitch-black void. There were shadows everywhere and rustling sounds as though a new company had come in to take the places of the departed monks. Brother Andrew peered intently into the darkness to make sure that he was alone. Seeing nothing on any side he concluded that it was the storm that made him feel that he was being watched. The wind was growing stronger each moment as it beat against the walls, and the thunder and lightning were more frequent. He put aside his fears and pressed forward to the spot where lay the waxen form of the dead brother. Immediately he fell on his knees, and for 15 minutes prayed as fervently as he had in all his religious life. Then, stooping low, he extended his arms and placed his hand upon the forehead of the corpse. "I say to you, Brother Cyprian," he began, when suddenly, as coming from nowhere, a claw, a piece of steel, a something

strong and stinging clamped itself upon his shoulder in a vicelike grip. A deathly fear seized hold of him and perspiration broke out on his brow. Perhaps God had sent his angels to strike him low and lay him down beside the body of the monk to whom he thought in his presumption that he could give life. The pressure on his shoulder grew heavier. He had to look; yet he dared not look. He had to wrench himself free from that unnatural grip; yet he could not move. "Oh, God," he cried out, "Help, help!" With a superhuman effort he swung about, almost falling flat on the corpse from the violence of his exertion. He looked up and beheld in the flickering shadows cast by the candles, the face of Father Abbot. It was his hand that had rested on his shoulder. He raised himself to a sitting position, and resting on one arm, looked again. Behind the Abbot and surrounding him were what seemed to be innumerable other faces, blurred and lost in the shadows, thin and white and unreal, hidden in cowls and as still as statues. But eyes burned in their ghostly faces, large and luminous eyes that sought out his soul and saw into its very depths. He was sure now. They were spirits from another land, whether lost or saved he knew not, but messengers of God to judge him for his crime and to mete out punishment. And then the lightning flashed once more, and in its daytime brilliance he noted that they were only his own confreres, the members of his own community. His relief was short lived. In a voice that was sharp and angry, the Abbot asked, "What is the meaning of this?"

Brother Andrew came to his feet and stood before his superior. He tried to answer, but no words fell

from his mouth. He moistened his lips with his tongue and tried again. And still no words were spoken. Panic came upon him. Sentence had already been passed. He was dumb! He had been stricken silent for his awful pride! He had to escape; he could stand it no longer. He looked about wildly for an opening in the ranks of those who stood about him. But again the voice of the Abbot stopped him. "What is the meaning of this?" As quickly as it came, the constriction in his throat departed; and in a rush of words he told the story of his sin, how he had envied the saints their power of working miracles, and how he had determined that he would imitate their example by bringing Brother Cyprian back to life. But now he knew better; now he realized that such gifts were only for the meek and humble. These virtues he himself did not possess at all. Having finished his story, he went down on his knees to hear the sentence of expulsion from the order, which he knew would follow. Instead, he heard the Abbot say: "Brother Andrew, I command you in the name of holy obedience to go through with what you had planned to do."

Had the lofty pillars that upheld the ceiling come crashing down upon his head, Brother Andrew would not have felt more crushed. "No, no," he cried out within himself. "I cannot. I will not. My shame has been too great already." Once more the perspiration broke out upon his brow, and once more he felt the trembling in his limbs. The Abbot and the monks were still in their places, and their eyes were fastened on him more intently now than they were before. There was only one thing to do. Approaching the corpse he again placed

his hand on the cold forehead, and in a muffled, choked voice said, "Brother Cyprian, I say to you, arise."

A minute passed; another and another. No warmth came to his fingers from the icy brow; no stirring could be noticed in the withered body of the rigid corpse. Death still held sway and seemed to mock the effrontery of the monk who would try to move him from his throne. There was to be no miracle. Brother Andrew became frantic in the knowledge of the scorn which he thought that he could read in the faces of the confreres. He seized the body by the shoulders, and as though to force life into its flesh, shook it roughly with the cry, "Cyprian, you must come back. For the love of God, come back." But there was no response, no answer to his pleas. Only the voice of the Abbot. It said but two words, "Brother Elias."

One of the figures detached itself from the shadowy assembly and shuffled forward. It was Brother Elias, as ugly looking as ever, as detached from his surroundings as though he hardly realized where he was. He stood before the Abbot, his eyes cast down, his cowl almost completely hiding his face. No word came from his lips. The Abbot addressed him.

"You have heard what Brother Andrew said, and you have seen what he has tried to do. *Deposuit potentes de sede et exaltavit humiles*. God's ways are not our ways. Whereas he punishes the proud and vain with shame and failure, sometimes he rewards the good and lowly with startling wonders and exalted deeds. Blessed be His name always. Brother Elias, I command you in the name of holy obedience, and if it be the will

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of God, to put life back into the body of our departed friend."

Without so much as a word Brother Elias turned to the corpse. For the matter of a moment he stood perfectly still looking down at the face of Brother Cyprian. Then he raised his hand to bless the body. It was at that instant that a gust of wind came sweeping through an open window in the chapel. The candles went out, leaving in their stead an utter blackness. The blackness was followed by a second blinding flash of lightning. It filled the chapel with a bluish kind of brilliance that outlined clearly the scene that was taking place. Brother Andrew saw the aged Elias complete the blessing. Immediately afterward he saw Brother Cyprian begin to rise from the position where he lay. As the last flicker of the lightning died out, he saw the dead man sitting up and gazing at the Abbot and the monks above him. It was then that Brother Andrew fainted and knew no more.

* * * *

By noon the next day Brother Andrew had recovered completely from his faint. But had not recovered from his shame. He would have a whole year to recuperate from that sharp malady. The Abbot had decreed that he would not be expelled from the order. But he would be shorn of the habit, and made to take

the novitate course all over again, "to learn the meaning," as the Abbot said, "of virtue." It was in the infirmary where Brother Andrew was resting after his sad experience that Father Superior announced his decision. "You must know," he went on, "that pride is the greatest of all sins, and can be found even in a holy monastery where men supposedly give up all things to follow Christ. The devil is active here more than in the world, for we do his cause tremendous harm. He fell upon you, and you were deceived by his wiles. I realized the temptation you were undergoing, and watched you closely. When you slipped back into the chapel after Matins and Lauds this morning when obedience decreed that you be in bed, I knew that the climax had come. I summoned the monks to be present at the struggle, and to pray that you might be saved. You were saved, and you were not. This coming year will tell the tale." With that he took his leave. Brother Andrew was a new and chastened man.

Brother Cyprian lived till late that morning, and walked amongst and discoursed with the monks on holy things. At the hour of None he closed his eyes a second time, and slept on the bosom of the Lord. He was buried with the rites and ceremonies of the Church. Brother Elias conducted the service.

Seventeenth-Century Advertising

The art of puffing up a product is not original with modern advertisers, as witness this advertisement from the year 1680:

"At Tobias' Coffee House in Pye Corner is sold the right drink called Dr. Butler's Ale, it being the same that was sold by Mr. Lansdale in Newgate Market. It is an excellent stomach drink, it helps digestion, relieves constriction, and dissolves congealed phlegm upon the lungs, and is therefore good against colds, coughs, ptisical and consumptive diseases, and being drunk in the evening, it moderately fortifies nature, causes good rest and hugely corroborates the brain and memory."



Side Glances

By the Bystander

The bystander offers an unusual service to his readers in this issue. He presents the answers of Francisco Franco, Spain's Chief of State, to the accusations made against him and his regime by non-Spaniards. No editorial comment is added. Both friend and foe of Franco alike should be willing to hear what he has to say for himself and to weigh the evidence of his words for themselves. The following paragraphs are verbatim quotations from his report to the Spanish people made on May 14, 1946:

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"Some people beyond our borders speak of the Spanish political problem. I deny that Spain has any political problem to be solved. Our political problems have been resolved with our blood and our labor. The great political problems are those which are still being debated in many countries which took part in the great war, and whose governments have proved incapable of solving the urgent problems which they have accumulated. Spain met and solved her problem seven years ago, and she is marching forward, step by step, with rigorous exactness. Having protected this indisputable principle of the national sovereignty of nations in their internal affairs, it is worth our while to analyze here the criticisms that have been made of us abroad.

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"The first error that is committed by these critics consists in the desire to present our regime as a dictatorial government, attempting thereby to attribute extraordinary and despotic powers to the authority which I exercise, whereas it is precisely in Spain that the National Government functions within the laws, and subject to the norms of pre-established law, and that judicial power is exercised by proficient magistrates and judges, with many years of experience, who have exercised their functions under the Monarch and the Republic, and who carry out their judicial activities completely independent of the executive power. Furthermore, all Spaniards have free access to the

courts to obtain the just protection of their rights. Never in the life of any nation has justice been carried out within a sphere of greater independence. The Council of State has been increased in size and in its functions. . . . The Charter of Spaniards, which sets forth the natural and social rights of the individual, was put into operation in all its vigor six months ago, and . . . has not been suspended for a single day. Some months ago the Law of Referendum . . . established the right of public and direct expression of opinion in the passage of laws which are considered to be of unusual national importance. The election of syndical and corporative representatives to sit in Parliament has already taken place, and shortly, new local elections will set up new provincial corporations in accordance with the new Code of Local Administration, which will permit the inclusion of a broader and more vigorous popular element in your representative bodies. Can it be argued, then, that a regime that functions in this manner, with a Parliament whose sessions are open to the public view continuously, and which during the three years in which the last legislature has been in session has discussed and approved so many and such important laws, constitutes an arbitrary or despotic dictatorial regime? The Spanish reality, on the basis of its institutions, and in the manner in which it exercises its authority, stands undaunted against the stupid accusation of dictatorship with which malicious critics abroad wish to brand our regime.

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"An attempt has also been made to question its origin and legitimacy, as though revolutions and wars have not been the origin of most of the regimes that exist in the world today. Our victory saved a society that was on the point of perishing; it has fulfilled and continues to fulfill all of its international agreements and obligations, including those contracted by other previous Spanish regimes; it has attained, in its time, the full recognition of nearly all the inde-

pendent nations of the world, and through these years has presided over the life and judicial relations of the nation, guaranteeing peace, order, and progress; it receives the assistance of the people repeatedly on all occasions, which are frequent indeed, when the people are concerned—titles, as may be seen, of unblemished origin and of clear legitimacy which no authority on political law the world over can fail to recognize. Another unjust charge that has been made against us is that our Government, attained at the cost of so many sacrifices by Spaniards, was made possible by a small number of volunteers who fought in our lines. . . . But is it not true that in Europe is occurring exactly that which they are unjustly attempting to accuse us of? Are not the governments which are now being set up in the invaded countries being founded upon the victory and the bayonets of the foreigners who liberated them? But this has not been the case in Spain. Our victory was won through the efforts of those 1,200,000 Spanish soldiers who constituted the core of the National Army that attained victory, among whom the few thousand volunteers constituted a very small group, especially when compared to the very large numbers of international Communist brigades which, with the defeat of the Red armies at the gates of Madrid, scurried to the Catalanian border. Thus there were foreign volunteers on both sides, but with one great difference: on the side of the Reds they constituted the basis of its resistance against the Nationalist forces, whereas on the side of the latter they constituted simply a symbolic act of solidarity on the part of other countries with the Catholic cause of the Spanish Nationalist Movement. They speak of Germans and Italians, but they remain silent with regard to the Portuguese, Irish, Roumanian, and many other groups of volunteers who joined our legions.

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"Others attempt to present us before the world as Nazi-Fascist and anti-Democratic. . . . The greatest and most abysmal difference between our system and that of the Nazi-Fascists is the Catholic character of the regime which now presides over the destinies of Spain. Racism, religious persecution, violence toward conscience, imperialistic designs on neighbors, the shadow of cruelty, have no place in the spiritual and Catholic sense which directs our life. It is precisely because of this characteristic of our regime that

Spain condemns, more than any other nation, the excesses and crimes which today are referred to as Nazi-Fascist characteristics, although unfortunately the Nazis have been equalled and even surpassed in these practices under the Communist systems. . . . The malice of those who wish to deduce from our normal relations with the vanquished nations, a tacit approval of the errors they committed, cannot be denied. . . . As for the charge that Spain is undemocratic, it would be necessary to discuss this point at great length. The forms, concepts, and patterns which through the passage of time have come to characterize the democracies, vary with the character and the political and economic circumstances of each nation. Nor do we see unity in the interpretation of the word 'democracy' abroad, where there are almost as many democracies as there are countries, as a result of which it comes to constitute a panacea which is interpreted to suit one's purposes but denied to others. We reject the monopoly which wishes to take unto itself this concept and use it to serve every malicious purpose. That which emphasizes the value of the human person, the full value of the individual, is more important to us than the formalistic and garrulous type of democracy which exploits him. Against this conventional type of democracy we present a Catholic and organic democracy, which dignifies and elevates man, guaranteeing to him his individual and collective rights, and which does not permit his exploitation by means of bosses and professional political parties, but rather opens to him every avenue through the Brotherhoods, syndicates, corporations, or provincial and local organisms, in which he works out his existence and of which he has full knowledge. . . . In the present crisis which the world is suffering, the materialistic concept of life has played a considerable part, for it is dragging the world to the greatest of catastrophes. If the life and governments of the nations that instigated the war had functioned on the principles of Catholic morality, we would not be lamenting today the catastrophe which has left a bloody trail all over the world, and which has sunk so many nations in the depths of despotism and misery. The statement by a nation that it is Catholic, that its life and legislation are carried out in accordance with the principles of Christian morality, constitutes the greatest guarantees for the national or international political acts which that nation is called

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upon to carry out. . . . The difference between Catholic justice and laic justice, not to mention atheistic justice, is so great that a veritable abyss lies between them. The former has a moral conscience, the latter is cold and heartless. Among strictly honest persons, the latter could assure that each person would receive that which is justly due him; but that is not sufficient, for the person deserving nothing would receive nothing. Charity is necessary, to give even that which we have no obligation to give, and this can only exist under a justice presided over by a spiritual concept of life under the rule of the Gospel. This is the greatest difference that exists between the social justice which we practice, and that which is enunciated but practiced with difficulty, by the non-Catholic nations of the world.

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"The campaigns and machinations abroad have revealed the unity and strength of the Spanish regime. These campaigns have discredited foreign propagandists in the eyes of the Spanish people, for if public events to which all types of foreign reporters have complete access are presented by them in a totally false and calumnious manner, what confidence can foreign news reports inspire in those who have seen the very reality about them completely distorted? Nevertheless, there are persons abroad, impressed by this propaganda, who believe that Spain lives without public institutions, and that we are advancing very slowly in the organization and improvement of our regime, whereas within our country there are many who believe that we are moving forward too rapidly. Our case is this: To establish a basis upon which to raise the edifice which is firm and immovable, and at the opportune moment, when we are not being pushed by anyone, and no one can destroy the edifice that has been raised, nor endanger that which we have achieved at such great cost, I shall present for your deliberation the final plans for the completion of the edifice, in order that you may elaborate on it, and the nation may make a final decision, without the slightest danger to that which has been won through such untiring efforts. The two great sins of Spain

are her suppression of Masonry which betrayed her, and her battle against Communism within our territory. The two fronts of western sectarianism and Asiatic Communism are those which inspire and support abroad the campaigns against our country. In the bitter battles which both of these bands wage against us, there is unanimity in only one thing: to create hostility against and to calumniate Spain. It would be necessary for us to renounce our independence and sovereignty, or submit ourselves to anarchy and demagoguery if we were to silence the noise of these campaigns. Spanish anti-Communism is not a fancy, it is a necessity. We would not be concerned with it if it had remained or could remain within its own boundaries, and not project itself abroad, plotting against the peace of other nations; if it would not destroy the loyalty of people toward their own country, converting them, in effect, into veritable subjects of the Soviet nation. Communism may still be able to deceive those nations that do not know and have not experienced its chekas and its methods; but amongst those who, in greater or lesser degree, have suffered the effects of its revolutions, its acts of terrorism and its martyrdoms, there are few who can be deceived, for those who know Communism at first hand are completely inoculated against the evil. . . . Communism cannot raise the standard of living of humanity, because its materialistic doctrine is in open conflict with what constitutes the basis of economic progress. Communism has failed in this effort, just as any system will fail which has as its doctrinal basis the denial of the right to own property, the denial of private initiative, and the refusal to respect capital based on savings, basic principles for the development of economic well-being. It is one thing to have, besides the right to property, certain related duties, and it is another thing to destroy that which constitutes the only stimulus for work and for the creation of sources of wealth. If private initiative were denied and replaced by that of the State alone, the most fruitful source of progress would be closed. The Government may stimulate, direct, and in some cases substitute the particular source of the initiative, but never can it replace it through a cold and static bureaucracy."



Catholic Anecdotes

The Devil's Fear

The devil once tried to prove to St. Catherine of Siena that her life was a delusion. She replied to him:

"I confess to my Creator that my life has indeed been passed in darkness, but I will hide myself in the wounds of Christ crucified and bathe myself in His blood, and so shall my iniquities be consumed."

Then the devil fled, but returned later and tempted her to pride, saying: "Thou art perfect, and need not afflict thyself nor weep for thy sins."

"Wretch that I am," St. Catherine replied, "St. John the Baptist never sinned and was sanctified in his mother's womb. And I have committed so many sins and have hardly begun to know them with true grief and contrition."

Then the devil cried: "Cursed that thou art, I can find no way to take thee. I will return to thee no more, because thou strikest me with the stick of charity, and persecutest me even in hell."

Defective Vision

The Roman emperor, happening to meet Rabbi Joshua, said to him sneeringly: "Let me see this God of yours."

"Lift up your eyes to the sky," replied the old man, "God is there."

The Emperor looked up, but the sun was shining so brightly that he had to lower his eyes and shield them with his hand.

"What!" exclaimed Rabbi Joshua.

"You ask to see the Master, when you cannot even look His servant, the sun, in the face!"

Last Words

St. Clare of Assisi, who lived and died and became a saint without leaving her native town, when dying was heard speaking quietly as if to herself.

"To whom are you speaking?" she was asked.

"I am saying this to my soul: 'Go forth, my soul, without fear, for thou hast a good guide for thy journey. Go forth, for He who created thee has sanctified thee, and protects thee always, and loves thee with a love as tender as that of a mother for her son. Blessed be thou, O Lord, for creating me.'"

Fear of Laziness

In the accounts of the early Jesuits who preached the faith among the Indians in North America the following story is recorded.

One of the fathers was trying to win over a sick Indian, but as soon as he began to speak about heaven, the Indian interrupted him.

"Do they hunt in heaven?"

"No; there is no need for hunting there."

"Do they go to feasts, and fill themselves with roasted venison?"

"No."

"Do they make war in heaven?"

"No; everyone is at peace there."

"Then I won't go," said the Indian. "It is not good to be lazy."



Pointed Paragraphs

A Job for the Public

Scene in a market a few days after price control was abandoned:

Woman shopper: How much is butter today?

Storekeeper: Seventy-nine cents a pound. Will you have some?

Woman shopper: No, thank you. At that price, we'll do without it.

If that scene could be multiplied a few million times each day, the period of inflation that the country has plunged into would be shortened considerably.

The actual and immediate moral cause of inflation is hard to pin down. The retailer of goods blames it on the wholesaler. The wholesaler blames it on the producer. The producer blames it on the cost of raw materials. The handler of raw materials blames it on the government, on transportation, on labor unions, on the shortage of machinery, etc. There is nobody in the entire realm of business who will admit that he is the immediate cause of inflation by raising prices just because he can get away with it. Every dealer has somebody else to whom to pass the blame.

But while it is difficult to point out the guilty profiteer, it is not difficult to put him out of the business of profiteering. The public can do it, and do it better than a government agency. All the public has to do is to stop buying the exorbitantly priced articles for a little while. Let such articles rest or rot on the shop shelves.

Let them pile up in and burst the barriers of warehouses. Let the producer and the wholesaler and the retailer make nothing on a certain item for a short period of time, and then watch the price plummet like a shot pheasant.

It doesn't take long to accomplish this trick. But it does take many people working together. Both the rich who can afford to pay any price, and the poor who cannot, should reenact this scene:

"How much is butter today?"

"Seventy-nine cents a pound. Will you have some?"

"No thank you. At that price, we'll do without it."

Game Called Because of Strikes

Strange portents have been visible this year in the world of professional baseball, and never since the Black Sox scandal has there been so much baseball news edging shamefacedly into the front pages of our papers. The enraged bellows of Col. Larry McPhail and the dignified protesting bleats of Messers Breadon, Rickey, *et al.* are still occasionally heard as a consequence of the real and attempted depredations made upon their chattel athletes by sinister forces south of the border, and the abortive strike of the Pittsburgh *Pirates* had the contrary effect of rendering the proprietors of that club practically speechless with surprise. Such a thing was apparently as far from their

minds as an epidemic of scrofula amongst their collection of infielders.

The public has been politely curious about these strange developments, but as far as we can tell there has been no general rise of blood pressure on the part of the fans. One finds it, indeed, difficult to be serious about the whole affair, perhaps because baseball as a form of recreation has always in our minds been kept separate from the grim realities of our working life. We feel a certain sympathy with the farm boy who upon being offered a contract with a big league club is said to have remarked: "You mean you want to pay me for playing ball?"

There is no question on the other hand but that modern baseball is a tremendously commercial proposition, and it seems to us that the sympathies of the average fan lie with the players in this controversy. What the players are seeking, of course, in threatening to skip the league or go on strike is a more proportionate cut out of the profits accruing from the exercise of their peculiar talents. It can be very forcibly argued that if Joe Louis can command some 60 per cent of the gate receipts on the frequent occasions when he renders somebody unconscious, the reimbursement of a Ted Williams or a Bob Feller should likewise bear more of a relation to the total take at the ticket office rather than be dependent upon a flat salary arrangement.

Of course, the owners of the clubs profess horror at such a suggestion, advancing statistics to show that they are likely candidates for the poorhouse. But if this is true, they should be even more anxious to establish some sort of a share-the-profits system.

Perhaps they will not have to pay their athletes as much as formerly, if it can be shown that they are operating at a loss. But who will believe such a thing possible of men like Messrs. Breadon, Rickey, and McPhail?

The whole question of the strike seems to have been shelved for the time being, but we venture to make a prediction that before too long it will be raised again by some smart second baseman or right fielder and next time, despite injunctions and appeals, we have a feeling that it will stick.

Ignorance in High Places

In a two-page advertisement in *Life* magazine recently, the moving picture firm which produced the highly publicized film that has for its chief feature (some critics say, *for its only feature*) a partially naked woman, has this to say in bold type: "Censors may not like it . . . but the public does. . . . The picture has exceeded all previous records by 51,193 persons."

The public liked the gladiatorial games of ancient days in which thousands of men were murdered. Do the moving picture firms approve of that? The attendance at these games over a period of years was tabulated in the millions.

The public in Germany approved of aggression, persecution, concentration camps, and the destruction of freedom under the leadership of Hitler. Do the moving picture firms approve of that? Fascism has exceeded in the number of its adherents all records for a couple of hundred years.

The public in the United States liked crime to such an extent after the close of World War II that never

before in the history of the country were there such numbers of young and old taken by the police for every kind of misdemeanor and wrongdoing. Do the moving picture firms approve of that?

But it is neither wise nor charitable to be too harsh with and hard on the moving picture people. They do not know any better. The kind of films they usually produce is proof of the fact. While technically perfect, the pictures are, ninety times out of a hundred, on the level of a sixth-grade pupil in a public school as far as thought content is concerned. The best that can be said about these people is, they are single minded in their purpose — they are out to make money. And if they can make money by means of nakedness, they let morality, decency, purity, and regard for the young and impressionable be damned.

But no excuse can be found for the judge, Twain Michelsen by name, who put his official approval on the picture, after it had been banned by responsible citizens in San Francisco. What he said, in handing down his decision, was puerile and immoral. "Life is sordid and obscene to those who find it so," he proclaimed. By that he inferred that a man may do anything he desires to do, and still be right. His action becomes wrong only when he puts wrong into it with his mind. In other words there is no such thing as an objective standard of morality.

Tell that to the bobby-soxers, judge, who were such fine examples of girlish modesty when the soldiers and sailors came to town on furlough during the war.

Tell that to the high school boys, judge, who are so disinterested in sex

that their minds cannot be inflamed by a picture of something or someone that emphasizes sex.

Tell that to the young and the old and the middle aged, judge, who are never *led* into committing sins against purity, but who simply *distort* the picture of nakedness until they have *forced* themselves to commit sins against purity.

Was the judge being naïve when he gave out his decision? Was he simply ignorant and unexperienced? Or could it be that he was malicious, in league with the devil? Perish the thought! Twain Michelsen was not malicious. As to the devil, very likely he does not believe that there is such a person. (Of course that does not quite destroy the devil, Twain notwithstanding.)

The responsible people of San Francisco should (in a nice way) ask Judge Michelsen to resign. Then some charitable individual should take him aside and slowly teach him a few simple facts about life, morality, decency, and temptation. He should be able to grasp the main idea at least by the time he is an old man; but surely not before he is too old to mount the bench again.

Investments

It does not happen very often; but it can happen. What we mean is, a rich Catholic who has so much money that he does not know what to do with it all, and is in consequence looking for a place to send a part of it where it will do the most good. Of course most rich people, no matter what their religion, always have the excuse to fall back on that they have not a loose penny to give away. They have apartment buildings and long blocks of homes that they

own and oil wells and farms and a hundred other properties that bring in money regularly and fruitfully. But the thought never strikes them that they might sell a farm or an apartment building in order to secure the money for some truly deserving charity. To hear them talk they are more broke than the poor man.

But back to the person who really wants to give away a sum of money. Some donations are not gifts but investments. We are not speaking of an investment in the sense that everything that is given away someday comes back. We are speaking of a special kind of investment that pays a very high rate of interest, the kind of interest that has money backed off the map, the kind of interest that is capable of buying heaven.

The first investment that might be made is one that touches Catholic schools. Recently a list of statistics was published which tabulated the number of openings available to children in Catholic schools, and the number of children who are clamoring for these openings. The difference between the two is astounding. There is hardly room for half our Catholic children in the schools that stand in our country right now. And when it comes to the universities, the difference is greater still. The result is that many boys and girls have to attend public schools and universities with the consequence that many boys and girls lose the faith. Here is an investment that will really pay off. Imagine what the Lord would think of a man who went to the bishop of the diocese and offered him a couple of million dollars to aid in the scheme of having every Catholic boy and girl of the diocese in a Catholic school. Imagine how many young

people he would have praying for him not only at the present moment but down through the years in the future. Imagine how many souls he would have pleading for him when his turn came to stand before God to be judged — souls that he saved by his generosity.

Take the case of seminaries. A seminary is not a school for girls, even though there was a time when institutions catering to young ladies bore the name of "Seminary for Females." A seminary is a college that prepares young men for the priesthood. There are many dioceses in the country that are too poor to build their own seminary. The boys must be sent to some far-off place in order to acquire the proper knowledge for the priesthood. If a man were to go to his bishop and say, "Bishop, it's not right for our future priests to take their training far away from the place where they are going to work. This is the spot for them. Home is the place they should study. To that end here are three million dollars for the building of a seminary. Use it as you see fit" — if a man were to approach his bishop with a speech like that, why, that man would be doing a work that would make the saints love him as a brother.

In spite of all that has been said to the effect that a man can't take it with him, some rich people cling to their wealth as though it were the ladder to heaven when in reality it is the eye of a needle. We can think of no greater epitaph than one that says that this man was born as wealthy as Croesus but that he died as poor as Job, not because he lost his money, but because he gave his money away in order that the Kingdom of God might be extended.



Liguoriana



EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

Selected and Edited by J. Schaefer

History of Heresies

Chapter IV. Heresies of the Fourth Century (Cont.)

2. *The Arian Heresy:*

A native of Africa, Arius went to Alexandria in the hope of obtaining ecclesiastical offices. He was a deep student of literature and science, polite and agreeable, but of a repulsive appearance, ambitious, and a lover of novelties. Originally a follower of Meletius (Bishop of Thebais, deposed by St. Peter, Bishop of Alexandria, because of his crimes and idolatry, Meletius led many followers into schism) Arius later deserted his camp, realizing that there he had little hope of advancement. He maintained a secret connection with Meletius, however, and upon its discovery he was expelled from Alexandria. When later he became persistent in his pleas to be taken back, Christ appeared to St. Peter, who had been cast into prison for the faith. The garments of our Lord were torn to shreds and He exclaimed to the Saint: "Arius has thus torn Me. Beware of admitting him into the communion." But upon the martyrdom of St. Peter in 311, Arius was made a priest by the new Bishop, Achilla, and given an office in the church of Alexandria. After the death of Achilla, Arius strove to take his place, but St. Alexander, an extremely wise and prudent man, was preferred to him.

Blinded by envy Arius began a

campaign of calumny against both the life and teachings of Alexander, accusing him of teaching the doctrines of the heretic, Sabellius. Arius himself commenced to teach the following blasphemies: (1) that the Verbum, the Second Person of the Trinity, is not eternal, but, like us, was created from nothingness by the Father; (2) that Christ is changeable in his nature because of his free will, but because of his virtue and good works God made him a partaker of the divine nature and bestowed upon him the titles of Verbum, Son and Wisdom. That Arius actually taught these errors can be verified in his own impious work, the *Thalia*, in a letter to St. Alexander, and in the decrees of the Council of Nice.

Arius at first spread his errors privately. But later, becoming bolder, he dared to preach them publicly in his parish church. After his admonitions failed to achieve their intended effect and seeing that even some bishops were being infected by the new heresy, Alexander convoked a synod at Alexandria which was attended by almost 100 bishops. When, even here, Arius publicly confirmed his errors, the Fathers of the synod condemned him and all of his followers as heretics. But Arius strove even more zealously to increase the number of his followers, and succeeded in de-

ceiving many men and women, using some of the latter as concubines. He finally fled to the protection of Eusebius, who with the help of Constantia, the sister of Constantine, had usurped the See of Nicomedia. In a letter to Alexander, Eusebius begged him to receive Arius back into the Church, but the holy Patriarch not only refused but forced the heretic and all his followers to leave Alexandria.

Arius fled to Palestine where his powers of deception stood him in good stead and earned him a welcome from many of the bishops. But even here the zeal of Alexander pursued him. Upon reading his letters, many of the bishops of Palestine returned to their senses and forsook Arius. Arius then returned to Eusebius of Nicomedia, and there composed his infamous book, the *Thalia*. Eusebius, moreover, assembled a number of bishops favorable to Arius in a Council at Bythynia; they wrote letters to other bishops for him in an effort to force Alexander to receive him back into communion, but their efforts were of no avail with the saintly Patriarch.

Meanwhile, Constantine, after the victories of his armies, desired nothing more strongly than peace in his realm. What was his sorrow, therefore, when, upon arriving at Nicomedia he found such great discord between St. Alexander and Arius and among all the bishops of the Orient! Eusebius, however, first to reach the ear of the emperor, informed him that the dispute was of little moment, did not affect the substance of the faith, and that nothing more was required save to impose silence upon both parties. Willing to believe anything for the sake of peace, Con-

stantine wrote to St. Alexander to remain silent and to allow either party its own opinion. But when the dispute daily grew hotter, Hosius, Bishop of Cordoba in Spain, a man of great knowledge and sanctity who had suffered much in the persecution of Maximinian, was sent to settle it. When he arrived at Alexandria and understood the grave nature of the affair, he convoked another synod of bishops, and they also excommunicated Arius and his followers and condemned his errors.

After this new condemnation, Arius wrote a letter to the emperor in defense of his cause. But the emperor responded in another letter, refuting the errors of Arius and commanding that the letter be made public. Exasperated at this turn of events the Arians did not even hesitate to plot against Constantine. Constantine, however, did not take revenge. And it was only after he had in vain employed mild means to quell the disturbances, and the tumult became even fiercer, that he conceived the idea of calling a general Council of the Bishops of the Church. In answer to the call of the emperor over 318 bishops of Asia, Africa, and Europe gathered for the Council at Nice. Seconding the efforts of Constantine, Pope St. Sylvester approved the Council and sent as his legates two Roman priests, Vito and Vincentius, and Hosius, Bishop of Cordoba, who presided at all of the sessions in the name of the Pope.

The Council began on June 19, 325, in the cathedral church of Nice. The errors of Arius, who had been summoned to Nice by the emperor, were investigated, and condemned by the Council, only two of the 318 bishops taking the side of Arius.



CATHOLIC AUTHORS

Monsignor Ronald A. Knox, 1888-

1. Life:

Ronald A. Knox was born in Manchester, England, in 1888. His father was the Anglican Bishop of Manchester and his mother was the daughter of the Bishop of Lahore. After making preparatory studies at Eton he went to Oxford. While at Oxford Knox received many honors. In 1909 he was president of the Student's Union, the highest undergraduate honor bestowed by his fellow students. He was made a Fellow of Trinity College in 1910. During the five years previous to his reception into the Church in 1917 he was Anglican Chaplain at Oxford. Knox made his theological studies at St. Edmund's College and was ordained to the Catholic priesthood in 1919. Monsignor Knox was chaplain to the Catholic students at Oxford from 1926 until 1939. Since this time he has devoted his time to writing and especially to preparing the translation of the Bible.

2. Writings:

Monsignor Knox has written many books since his conversion. His first Catholic book, *A Spiritual Aeneid*, told the story of his journey to the Catholic Church. He is especially at home in the field of satire. (His brother is one of the editors of *Punch*.) *Essays in Satire* is a collection of broad yet delicate satires on the paganism of the times. In one of his books Monsignor Knox complains that Satire is a difficult art now because even the most absurd imaginative phantasies of the satirist are often actually found in real life. One of the essays is an invitation to all religions to join the Anglican Compromise. *Sanctions* is a satire on

modern irreligion. *Broadcast Minds* deals with the "omniscientists" who know "no more than the A.B.C. of philosophy and perhaps only the B.B.C. of science" and yet dogmatically pronounce on the most abstruse and important problems of a religious nature. Monsignor Knox has also written several detective novels.

In a different vein have been two other books. The *Belief of a Catholic* is a short outline of the fundamental truths of the faith. His most recent book, *God and the Atom*, is a moral evaluation of the role of atomic power in modern civilization. All of his books reveal a brilliant mind, a deep faith and wondrous clarity of expression. Monsignor Ronald A. Knox is certainly one of the great Catholic authors of our day.

3. The Book

Perhaps the book that has made the name of Monsignor Knox familiar to many Catholics is his new translation of the *New Testament*. Several years ago the Hierarchy of England and Wales asked him to undertake the translation of the Bible. The Douay-Rheims translation needed to be revised as many of the phrases were no longer intelligible to modern readers. Monsignor Knox worked for many years on the translation and consulted many authorities in the field of Sacred Scripture. The result has more than justified his labors. The language in this translation is modern and faithful to the original. The various stories and episodes of the Bible are grouped as units to make for easier reading. Competent critics have praised this book as an excellent English version of the New Testament.

August Book Reviews

For the Children:

Sing a Song of Holy Things (Tower Press, Milwaukee, 112 pp., \$1.50) by Sr. Mary Josita, O.S.F., is a series of delightful rhymes for the very young. The author tells the youngsters of seven about the things they should know and do to be good Catholics. Very appropriately the first poem reminds the child of his great dignity as a child of God. Other poems sing the stories of the saints of God. The tale of Blessed Imelda, the patroness of first communicants, is well told. The various songs furnish a well-balanced picture of Catholic life for a child. The style is well suited to the understanding of the young boy or girl. Many of these poems have such a lilting air that they could be used for group recitation. The illustrations that are found on almost every page are exceptionally well done. Sr. Mary Maxine, O.S.F., the artist, deserves great credit for her work. Whether she draws in a serious or humorous vein she produces pictures that the children and their parents will enjoy. The picture of the little girl helping mother in the kitchen and the one of the Christ Child in the carpenter shop of St. Joseph are well done. *Sing a Song of Holy Things* is certainly recommended to all youngsters and their parents.

Rag A Tag and Other Fairy Tales (Grail, 78 pp., \$1.25) is written by Aimee Torriani and Patsey Ellis. The authors have created some fascinating fairies in Rag a Tag, Feather Fingers, Tippy Toes, and Nippy Nose. Rag a Tag, the hero of these tales, is a lazy but lovable fairy whose antics cause great amusement to the other fairies. Sometimes he even brings worry to them, but never trouble that lasts. The youngsters will enjoy these tales that bring home points of conduct.

Spirituality for the Latt:

The Third Order of St. Francis has made great contributions to the holiness of men and women in the world. Father James Meyer, O.F.M., originally wrote some articles on sanctity for the *Franciscan Herald*. Now these essays have been reissued in book form under the title, *A Primer of Perfection for Everybody* (Franciscan Herald Press, 184 pp., paper cover, \$1; cloth cover, \$1.50). The 28 chapters furnish the layman with a thorough introduction to the fundamentals of

the spiritual life. The goal, the virtues necessary for the attainment of the goal, and the great means of prayer and the sacraments, are presented in a manner that the non-trained mind can grasp. Souls seeking for some reliable guide to the ascetical life will find a valuable aid in a *Primer of Perfection*.

Vignettes of Christ:

Several years ago a series of short informal essays appeared in the pages of the *Catholic Home Journal*. These pen pictures of Christ have been collected in book form by the author, Rev. Simon Conrad, O.F.M.Cap. *Master and Model* (Newman, 123 pp., \$1.50) summarizes the role that Christ should play in our lives. Christ is seen as the King, the Patriot, the Merchant, the Worker, the Peacemaker, and the Son of God in a rapid selection of the essays. These pictures are of no extraordinary merit, but do give glimpses of the many sides of Christ. The beautiful and virile portrait of Christ by the contemporary non-Catholic artist, Solmon, is used as a frontispiece.

Living With Christ in God:

Almost three hundred years ago Jean Bernieres-Louvigny wrote a treatise on the art of *Living with Christ in God* (Pustet, 288 pp., \$2.50). This spiritual classic has been translated by Sr. Mary Aloysi Kiener, S.N.D., the author and translator of many spiritual works. This book tells in simple and moving words the necessity of complete surrender to the loving demands of God. Often the words reach heights of real eloquence. The self-reproach of the author is indicative of the insight and simplicity of the entire book. "I am like a blind man; when he sleeps he is doubly blind; when he awakes he still cannot see the sun in all its splendor, nor the beauty of the world about him. The same is true of us; when we sleep, we are wholly forgetful of God, but even when awake, we continue in this oblivion because we occupy ourselves so little with God and His perfections, but on the contrary are busy about the most trivial worldly things."

There are four main sections in this book: the necessity of abandonment to an all-loving God; the excellence of the knowledge of Christ; living with Christ; and living with Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. *Living with Christ in God* is a book to be kept at one's side for frequent use. This book is meant to be tasted in small samples, in the same man-

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ner that the *Imitation of Christ* should be read.

Saintly Founder:

Life of Venerable Vincent Pallotti by Rev. Nicholas M. Wilmers, P.S.M., has enlarged and revised the life of *Venerable Vincent Pallotti*. (Pallotine Fathers, Milwaukee, 160 pp., \$2) that was written many years ago by Lady Herbert. This man of God who lived in nineteenth-century Rome has been called a second Philip Neri. Pope Pius XI praised him as a forerunner of Catholic Action. His life was a very intensely active one. He spent long hours in the confessional, he was chaplain in several of the hospitals and institutions of Rome. Much of his time was devoted to the preparation of criminals before the execution of the death sentence. Besides the care of founding religious communities of men and women, he led a life of almost constant prayer. His practice of the moral and theological virtues has been declared heroic by the Catholic Church when it conferred on him the title of Venerable. His obedience to his confessor was one of his outstanding virtues. God gave him special gifts of insight into the condition of the human soul, and the power to work moral miracles. In many instances God also gave him the ability to perform extraordinary cures of the physically sick. The story of this fascinating life with God is told in an unpretentious and unaffected way that will please its readers. We would hope some day to have a more comprehensive and authoritative life of Venerable Vincent Pallotti.

A Synthesis of Theology by Scheeben:

Rev. Cyril Vollert, S.J., has translated from the German the classic work of the great nineteenth-century theologian, Rev. Matthias Joseph Scheeben. *The Mysteries of Christianity* (Herder, 834 pp., \$7.50) has been translated from the notes that Scheeben left for the revision of the work. After his death another theologian incorporated into the text the additions and variations that Scheeben had made in the margin of two copies of his first edition. Practically the entire book with the exception of the eighth and ninth chapters is the result of the corrections made by the author himself.

Scheeben intended to present a synthetic view of the great mysteries of the Catholic Faith. He meant to make it intelligible for the educated Catholic layman. The work is divided into ten sections. In the introductory chapter the absolute necessity of the

existence of mysteries in a revealed religion is stressed. This insistence is very timely in view of the way that the mysteries of religion have been explained away by modern Protestant leaders. Any revelation about the nature and operations of an Infinite God must necessarily surpass the limited power of created minds. The next eight parts deal with the principal mysteries of the faith: the Trinity, the creation and elevation of man, sin, the Incarnation, the Eucharist, the Church and the sacraments, Christian justification, the last things and the glorification of man, and predestination. The final section treats of the science that studies the mysteries of Christianity, theology.

The Mysteries of Christianity has been praised by Rev. A. M. Weiss, O.P., as the "most original, the most profound, and the most brilliant work which recent theology has produced." This is no ordinary book. It is not a mere digest of the thoughts of other men. The theologian, the priest, and the seminarian will find this masterly synthesis of great value to them in their penetration into the mysteries of Christianity.

An Unusual Book for Religious Women:

The new Catholic publishing house of Declan X. McMullen has issued an extraordinarily practical book as one of their first publications. Rev. Vincent P. McCorry, S.J., has written 16 short essays on spiritual topics under the title of *Most Worthy of All Praise* (192 pp., \$2). Keen observation, great understanding, and sharp wit are some of the characteristic of this book. His intention is to make the lives of Sisters a little more happy. The humorous portrayal of some of the minor defects in the religious life is strikingly good. Space prevents the inclusion of some of the many other praiseworthy features of this book. The publishers are requested to continue to give us such books as *Most Worthy of All Praise*.

The Stations

BY ERIC GILL—David Hennessy has issued from Maryfarm, the home of the Catholic Worker, a pocket size edition of the highly original *Stations of the Cross* by Eric Gill. This booklet was reviewed in an earlier number of the Liguorian. It will certainly disturb our complacency with ourselves. Mr. Hennessy will send a copy to everyone who writes him at Maryfarm, R. R. 4, Easton, Pennsylvania.

Best Sellers

A Moral Evaluation of Current Books, published by "Best Sellers,"
University of Scranton, Scranton, Pennsylvania

I. Suitable for general reading:

The Flight and the Song — *Anderson*
My Three Years with Eisenhower —
Butcher

Washington Tapestry — *Clapper*
Lodging at the Cloud — *Crabb*
Major Trends in American Church
History — *Curran*

Wisdom for Welfare — *Sr. Dolorita*
Saint Paul, Apostle, and Martyr —
Giordani

Doctors East Doctors West — *Hume*
The Veterans Program — *Hurd*
This is My America — *Kilmer*
A Negro's Faith in America — *Logan*
Hunan Harvest — *Maguire*
Initiate the Heart — *Maura*
Mystic in Motley — *Maynard*
Road from Olivet — *Murphy*
Wilderness Adventure — *Page*
The Good Fight — *Quezon*
Starling of the White House — *Starling*
The Reasonable Shores — *Stern*
A Pocketful of Pebbles — *Struther*

II. Suitable for adults only because of:

A. Contents and Style too advanced for
adolescents:

Time to Change Hats — *Bennett*
Suitors and Suppliants — *Bonsal*
Tomorrow without Fear — *Bowles*
A Frenchman Must Die — *Boyle*
This Side of Innocence — *Caldwell*
The Peace That is Left — *Cammaerts*
A Mighty Fortress — *Cannon*
Alms for Oblivion — *Carver*
Religion in Russia — *Casey*
Best of Science Fiction — *Conklin*
Holy Disorders — *Crispin*
Must We Fight Russia? — *Culbertson*
The Roots of American Loyalty —
Curtis

The Bulwark — *Dreiser*
Five Passengers from Lisbon — *Eber-*
hart

The Horizontal Man — *Eustis*
The Challenge of World Communism
— *Fish*

Honolulu Story — *Ford*
A Solo in Tom-Toms — *Fowler*
Thus Far and no Further — *Godden*
Yankee Storekeeper — *Gould*
No Time for Tears — *Hughes*
Top Secret — *Ingersoll*
Whisper Murder — *Kelsey*

The Trouble at Turkey Hill — *Knight*
That Hideous Strength — *Lewis*
Alexander of Macedon — *Lamb*
For One Sweet Grape — *O'Brien*
You and the Universe — *O'Neill*
Silent is the Vistula — *Orska*
Casablanca to Katyn — *Root*
Burma Surgeon Returns — *Seagrave*
Captain Grant — *Seifert*
The Unbroken Heart — *Speaight*
Death's Old Sweet Song — *Stagge*
The Divine Pity — *Vann*

B. Immoral incidents which do not in-
validate the book as a whole:

Tempered Blade — *Barrett*
He Who Whispers — *Carr*
Deborah — *Castle*
Year One — *Delehanthy*
The Story of the Stars and Stripes —
Hutton

Mexican Village — *Niggli*
Shoot if You Must — *Powell*
Science Yearbook of 1946 — *Ratcliff*

III. Unsuitable for general reading but per- mitted for discriminating adults:

The Life Line — *Bottom*
Past All Dishonor — *Cain*
Education for Modern Man — *Hook*
The Other Side — *Jameson*
I Hate Blondes — *Kaufman*
Imperial Venus — *Maass*
Our Own Kind — *McSorley*
Land — *O'Flaherty*
The Adventures of Wesley Jackson —
Saroyan
The Great Conspiracy — *Sayers*
Margaret — *Slade*
Collected Papers — *Underhill*

IV. Not recommended to any class of readers:

The Romance of Casanova — *Alding-*
ton
A House in the Uplands — *Caldwell*
Sin and Science — *Carter*
Bernard Clare — *Farrell*
Night and City — *Kersh*
Peace of Mind — *Liebman*
Then and Now — *Maugham*
Possess Me Not — *Nichols*
Valley Boy — *Pratt*
A World to Win — *Sinclair*
The Hucksters — *Wakeman*
Memoirs of Hecate County — *Wilson*
The Panic-Stricken — *Wilson*



Lucid Intervals

It was a London bus and two "smart" young things were talking at the top of their voices in an affected jargon.

At last the conductor could stand it no longer. As the bus neared a stopping-place, he called out in a high-pitched voice: "Darlings, here's too, too sweet Smith Street!"

After that silence reigned.

✂

You buy yourself a new suit of clothes;

The care you give it, God only knows;
The material, of course, is the very *best* yet;
You get it pressed and pressed and
pressed yet!

You keep it free from specks so tiny—

What thanks do you get? The pants get
shiny.

✂

Private Williams failed to answer roll call one day and, when the Sergeant investigated, he found him seated on his bunk laboriously spelling out a letter. "Writing to your girl again, I suppose," growled the Sergeant sarcastically.

"Not at all," said the soldier. "I am writing a letter to myself."

"Indeed," said the Sergeant, "and what have you got to say to yourself?"

"How should I know," said the soldier, "I won't get the letter till next Monday."

✂

Dere was a little kickin' man.
His name was Simon Slick.
He had a mule wid cherry eyes.
Oh, how dat mule could kick!

An', Suh, we'n you go up to him,
He shet one eye an' smile;
Den he telegram his foot to you,
An' sen' you half a mile!

✂

There was on Old Man in a tree,
Who was horribly bored by a Bee;
When they said, "Does it buzz?" he replied,

"Yes, it does!

It's a regular brute of a Bee."

Conversation in a dry-cleaning establishment:

"And what is the charge for cleaning the blouse?"

"Forty-five cents, madam."

"But the tag says 50 cents."

"Yes, madam, but you get a cash-and-carry discount."

"But I thought you didn't deliver?"

"That's right, madam, we don't."

✂

After the visiting couple had gone the mother explained to Betty that they were not married. "They're just engaged," the mother said. "They're planning to be married."

Betty thought the situation over a minute. "I see," she said faintly. "You mean they're still in love."

✂

An out-of-towner was motoring up Broadway and slipped past a changing traffic light. When he stopped at the next corner a cop said: "Red lights mean nothing to you, eh? Let's see your license."

The out-of-towner handed it over, and the gendarme made notes in his little book, after which he handed the motorist a folded bit of paper and his license. "Get along now," he ordered.

At the next red light the stranger read the slip of paper. It said: "Don't pass no more red lights."

✂

Daddy, who was having breakfast with three-year-old Sharon, asked: "Did you have any dreams last night?"

Sharon just smiled.

"Aren't you going to tell me about your dreams?" coaxed Daddy.

"Oh, don't be silly, Daddy. You were there."

✂

A Hollywood glamour girl made a grand entrance at the Stage Door Canteen recently, wearing a spangled green dress, a huge emerald tiara, a sable jacket and carrying a great silver fan. One of the boys eyed her carefully and remarked audibly, "I thought they weren't making any new Buicks this year."

LIGUORIAN SERVICES

Book Service: Any book may be ordered from THE LIGUORIAN, whether it has been reviewed in the book columns or not, whether it be old or new, whether it be published by a Catholic or secular publishing house. THE LIGUORIAN itself handles the works of St. Alphonsus Liguori, and other books on religious topics. Ask for a list.

Pamphlet Service: THE LIGUORIAN publishes a large number of pamphlets, suitable for almost every walk of life and every kind of human problem. They are sold singly, or in lots to pamphlet racks and leaders. Ask for the complete list.

Problem Service: THE LIGUORIAN answers questions and helps to solve problems for its readers, either publicly in its columns or privately by letter as the case may demand. Wives and husbands are urged to send in their problems, either for discussion in the column directed to wives and husbands, or for the help that may be given them by mail. Shut-ins are encouraged to write about their difficulties, that the editor of the shut-in column may offer considerations that will relieve them. Questions are welcomed on any subject.

Motion Picture Guide

UNOBJECTIONABLE FOR GENERAL PATRONAGE

Previously Reviewed

Life of Mother Cabrini (English,
Italian, and Polish)
Two Guys from Milwaukee

Reviewed This Week

Ambush Trail
Anna and the King of Siam
Avalanche
Bad Bascom
Bad Man's Territory
Bandit of Sherwood Forest
Battle for Music
Bells of St. Mary's, The
Blondie's Lucky Day
Border Bandits
Boy's Ranch
Burma Victory
Caravan Trail
Courage of Lassie
Dangerous Business
Dark Alibi
Days of Buffalo Bill
Devotion
Do You Love Me?
Dressed to Kill
El Paso Kid
Faithful in My Fashion
Frontier Gunlaw
Galloping Thunder
Gay Blades
Gay Cavalier, The
Gentleman from Texas, The
Gentleman With Gun
Ghost of Hidden Valley
God's Country
Green Years, The
Gunning for Vengeance
Haunted Mine, The
Home on the Range
Hot Cargo
Hotel Reserve
In Old Sacramento
It Shouldn't Happen to a Dog
Joe Palooka, Champ
Johnny Comes Flying Home
Junior Prom
Larceny in Her Heart
Make Mine Music
Man from Rainbow Valley, The
Marie-Louise
Moon Over Montana
My Pal Trigger
Northwest Trail
O.S.S.
Our Hearts Were Growing Up
Out of the Depths
Partners in Time
Rainbow Over Texas
Red Dragon
Rendezvous 24
Return of Rusty, The
Roaring Rangers
Romance of the West

See My Lawyer
Shadow Returns, The
Six Gun Man
Smoky
So Goes My Love
Song of Arizona
Sunset Pass
Sun Valley Cyclone
Swamp Fire
Terror by Night
Terrors on Horseback
That Texas Jamboree
Throw a Saddle on a Star
Thunder Town
Tokyo Rose
Two-Fister Stranger
Under Arizona Skies
Up Goes Maisie
Virginian, The
Wife of Monte Cristo, The

UNOBJECTIONABLE FOR ADULTS

Reviewed This Week

Deadline for Murder
Dead of Night
Her Adventurous Night
Of Human Bondage
Step by Step

Reviewed This Week

Allotment Wives
Bamboo Blonde
Because of Him
Bedlam
Behind Green Lights
Behind the Mask
Black Market Babies
Blonde Alibi
Blue Dahlia, The
Cat Creeps, The
Catman of Paris, The
Centennial Summer
Cinderella Jones
Close Call for Boston Blackie, A
Cluny Brown
Col. Effingham's Raid
Cornered
Crack-Up
Crime of the Century
Dakota
Danger Woman
Dark Corner, The
Detour
Devil Bat's Daughter
Devil's Mask, The
Dragonwyck
Fear
French Key, The
From This Day Forward
Genius at Work
Gun Town
Guy Could Change, A
Heartbeat
Henry the Fifth

Hoodlum Saint, The
House of Horrors
Idea Girl
Inside Job
It Happened at the Inn (French)
I Was a Criminal
Journey Together
Just Before Dawn
Kid from Brooklyn, The
Last Chance, The
Little Giant, The
Little Mr. Jim
Live Wires
Lost Weekend, The
Madonna of the Seven Moons
Madonna's Secret, The
Man Who Dared, The
Monsieur Beaucaire
Meet Me on Broadway
Murder in the Music Hall
Murder Is My Business
My Reputation
Mysterious Intruder
Night Editor
Night in Casablanca, A
Notorious Lone Wolf
One Exciting Week
Passkey to Danger
Perilous Holiday
Phantom Thief, The
Portrait of Maria
Rendezvous With Annie
Renegades
Runaround, The
Sentimental Journey
She-Wolf of London
Shock
Smooth as Silk
Somewhere in the Night
Specter of the Rose
Spellbound
Spider Woman Strikes Back, The
Spiral Staircase, The
Stolen Life
Stormy Waters (French)
Strange Conquest
Strange Impersonation
Stranger, The
Strange Triangle
Swing Parade of 1946
Talk About a Lady
Tars and Spars
Tarzan and the Leopard Woman
They Made Me a Killer
Till the End of Time
To Each His Own
Tomorrow Is Forever
Truth About Murder, The
Two Sisters from Boston
Two Smart People
Valley of the Zombies
Walls Came Tumbling Down, The
Waltz Time
Well-Groomed Bride, The
Without Reservations
Woman Who Came Back, The
Yank in London, A
Young Widow
Ziegfeld Follies